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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DE SMET.

"Patres vestri, ubi sunt? et prophetæ numquid in sempiternum vivent?"

AMONG the records of the death of notable persons that have supplied the obituary columns of the papers this year, I have not seen that of Rev. Peter John De Smet, of the Society of Jesus. I suppose that the cause of so many persons having looked in vain for an extended notice of the useful life of that great man, is to be found in the resolution of some able writer to prepare a biography worthy of the great name and good works of the distinguished Father. I do not intend to attempt anything of the kind.

I knew Father De Smet's character and usefulness long before I had the pleasure of seeing him, and I had formed an opinion of his powers by his letters and his books. I could judge by his treatises of his attainments in various branches of science; and I could estimate his abilities for usefulness by reading an account of his wonderful labors among certain tribes of the untamed aborigines of our far Western mountains. But it was only when I approached him closely,—when I could listen to his delightfully instructive conversation, that I could form any opinion of the powers by which he won the love and confidence of those who were privileged to be near him.

The vast attainments of Father De Smet were commended to public approval by the extraordinary humility which characterized all his actions and words, and they insured influence by the almost heavenly sweetness that distinguished his intercourse with old and young.

While talking to him many years since of his successful labors among the Indians, and obtaining from him some instruction relative to the character and habits of the Rocky Mountain tribes, I noticed a constantly increasing earnestness in his manner as he dwelt on events in which he had had an

important share. At length he paused, and said, as if speaking only to himself, "How I should like to be once more among those interesting tribes."

"Your labors, dear Father," I replied, "are so well known and so highly prized, that you must feel assured that your wishes in that respect need only to be expressed, that they may be gratified."

"But, my son," said the good priest, "I belong to an order of obedience, and the expression of such a wish might influence the decision of a superior against a greater good. Besides, all know that the mission is one of great personal peril. Life is very unsafe among that people who may not have a knowledge of your person or your mission, or who may be specially hostile to the tribes you are about to visit; and it would be presumption in me to solicit a mission that would cost me my life. When ordered, I will go. The responsibility of the journey will then rest with those whose right it is to send."

I had never before comprehended the full character of obedience. I knew how such a man could serve the cause of religion by action; but not till then did I understand the force of Milton's repeated remark,

"Some waiting, serve."

Father De Smet was sent, and "going, served."

Father De Smet would have conquered twenty tribes of Modocs, and sat at peace with them and the world in the plains of their "reserve," or in the fastnesses of their "lava beds."

Father De Smet was subsequently sent to the wild tribes of the Indians by request of the United States government, and did a service that whole armies would have failed to achieve. The "poor Indian" knew and loved the "Black Coat," and feared offending him more than they did the laced coat.

Of Father De Smet's services on that and other previous missions, history is instructive. It is not my intention to write a history or prepare a biography, since better-informed persons will, I hope, do such works, and do them soon, so far as the great and good "Black Coat" is concerned.

Father De Smet visited his relations in Belgium in 1860, and while there he awakened among the people of the district an ardent desire that a man of such profound knowledge and varied attainments, and, above all, a Christian gentleman of such delightful social qualities, should not be lost to the place of his birth; and especially that the class of knowledge so proper for polished society should not be useless by a residence among savages. So, a short time before the day fixed upon for his departure, a few of the neighbors and friends of the family invited him to visit a beautiful country seat in the vicinity. He accepted the invitation, and spent part of a day in the gratification of a cultivated taste in viewing the grounds, the buildings, and the means of comfort and high enjoyment which the property possessed.

This was a day of delight, and the good father expressed in appropriate terms his sense of gratitude to those who had procured for him such a pleasure. Every moment of his visit had been made pleasant by the natural and artistic beauties in which he had been placed; and the whole was augmented by the conversation of educated gentlemen who could appreciate the worth and attainments of their guest.

When about to leave the scene of such high enjoyment, Father De Smet gave expression to the feelings which the scenes had excited, and dwelt with unusual earnestness upon the great beauties of the

property so calculated to afford pleasure to a man of taste. The gentlemen listened with pleasure to the good father's commendation, and after a short time they said to him:

"Father De Smet, your family is connected with the best recollections of this neighborhood, and your career of usefulness in a foreign country has been watched by us and our neighbors with deep interest; and we have felt a pride that one had gone out from among us that so exemplified the great teachings of our holy religion, by his self-abnegation and his contempt of toil and danger; and we have hailed your visit to your native district as a gratification of rare occurrence. We see, as all see, that your labors and endurance have left their marks upon you, and that age is rather anticipating an influence on your frame; and so we and some others have invited you to this day's entertainment, and to this place, whose beauties you so highly appreciate.

"And, now that we know that you think so well of the property, we discharge another duty devolved upon us, and ask you to accept of the country-seat, and come and spend the remainder of your life among your relatives and friends, and amid scenes familiar to your childhood. It is a small offering, but it comes from hearty good will.

"Dear Father," continued the speaker, "you have done a great work; you have endured great fatigue; you encountered fearful dangers, and you have done nobly and successfully the work assigned to you. It is in the nature of things that you should need rest. God affords you some time for that, and by his blessing we are enabled to offer you a place for that rest. You have assisted in the New World to prepare the neophyte for the great work of the priesthood, and with the precepts of the books you have mingled the instruction of example. You have tamed the savage of the mountains, and changed the war-whoop of the Indian brave to the subdued chant of our holy worship.

"These things you have done in the vigor of manhood, leaving many of your attainments in literature and science unemployed. Come now to us. Come back to your own, and let us have the enjoyment and profit of that high cultivation which was left much in abeyance in the New World. Give to your family and early friends the pleasure and benefit of your social intercourse. Let this beautiful chateau and these grounds be your home, as they are, if you will accept them, your property from this moment. Exercise the functions of a priest if you will, of a pastor, if you desire to do so; pursue any course you like, and in the way you like; only reside among us. Lengthen out your closing years by rest or moderate exercise, and let us, your friends, relatives, and neighbors, enjoy the light and warmth of the declining sun, whose noonday brilliancy and heat were given to the stranger."

"My good friends and kinsmen," said the priest, "I understand your goodness, and I am overwhelmed with your kindness. I feel how sweetly might life decline in such association and such surroundings as you propose; and though I might not improve others by my companionship, I comprehend how I should profit by the indulgence of my literary and scientific attainments among men who have taste for culture, and qualifications to improve others. Nor am I unmindful that in the discharge of my clerical duties here I might be gratifyingly useful.

"But bear with me while I say, that He who called me to the ministry in his Church has evidently

assigned me a mission beyond the Atlantic. My superiors have not yet given the command that will send me hence, but, if I would obey with merit, I must not be absent from the place where the order may reach me. The Church may require my service on that mission, or the country may seek to profit by the confidence which the Indian has in my teachings. In either case the honor of God and the benefit of the country in which I reside are equally proposed; and it is not for me, thus honored by both beyond my deserts, to hesitate when the command shall come, or to be willingly absent from the place in which it should find me.

"I repeat to you, that I know how many delights you propose to me, and how the closing years of my life would be made pleasant in your companionship, and in this residence; but I feel that I have not been prepared for the great duties of the Indian mission without an obligation to my 'order,' to the people, and to the Church to discharge those duties. Let me, then, without incurring your reproach for ingratitude, decline the great favor you propose; and, be you assured, beloved friends, that I shall find ample consolation and compensation in the enjoyment of the consciousness of perfect obedience; and in that spirit I shall take leave of you, and renew the dedication of myself 'to the greater glory of God.'"

When Father De Smet had concluded his visit to his native district he set forth for the United States, taking passage in the steamer that left Havre on the 1st of April, 1861. The ship was crowded with passengers, among whom were many families returning to the United States. Many of the gentlemen were scientists, and it was pleasant as well as instructive to see Father De Smet sitting in their midst, and maintaining his views on almost every subject that was presented. His modest manner of presenting and explaining questions arrested the attention of all, and especially was he most favorably regarded by those who comprehended most fully the subject of discussion.

But these elevated conferences were not the chief occupation of his time. There were in the front part of the ship many *religieuses*. They could not, by a rule of the ship, come to him, so he went to them, and cheered them with his conversation, and comforted them in the disquietude so natural at sea.

There were on board several boys from ten to fifteen years of age. Scarcely was the steamer out of sight of land before these lads found out that Father De Smet was the friend of boys. He had pleasant tales to tell them of the country to which they were going, and especially were they attracted to him by his most interesting narratives of experience among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, descriptions of their manners and customs, their exact mode of life, their domestic, social, and national habits, their war movements, and their customs of peace, his mode of dealing with these children of the forests, and their respectful docility under his teaching.

It was wonderful to see the perfect delight with which the youngsters listened to the good man. His narrative was to them beyond all that they had read of Robinson Crusoe; and the dinner gong would have sounded in vain if the little congregation had not been adjourned by the beloved teacher.

It was marvellous to see what influence the good man had over these boys; and so marked was the influence that it seemed to produce a most unpleasant effect upon one lady, the mother of one of the finest boys that followed Father De Smet.

"My dear," said this fond mother, Mrs. H—, "do you notice how much attached Willie is to that Jesuit priest?"

"I have noticed," said her husband, "that Willie is always present when Father De Smet is talking to the boys, and I am free to say that I have followed Father De Smet from his conference with the learned gentleman yonder to his pleasant talk with the boys, and have been astonished by the variety of knowledge which he displayed among the learned, as I have been delighted with the simplicity of his instruction to the boys. In both I have been instructed."

"You can do as you please," said Mrs. H—. "You are old enough to take care of yourself. But you and I ought to look out for our son. Why, he yesterday expressed a wish to accompany Father De Smet to the Rocky Mountains."

"Did he say," asked Mr. H—, "that Father De Smet asked him to go to the Rocky Mountains with him?"

"No, no, he did not say that. But you know Willie's strong inclination to travel to distant places."

"I certainly do know that," said Mr. H—. "He went to Norway last summer, and with your approval, I thought, and if we had not been called home this spring he would have gone into Greece by your own request."

"That is true," said Mrs. H.; "but he would not have gone under the care of a Catholic priest."

"Nor will he go to the Rocky Mountains this summer with a Catholic priest," said Mr. H—. "Father De Smet is not likely to go thither himself; and if he should be sent on that mission he would scarcely consent to the impediment of young boys."

"I do not know how that is," said Mrs. H—. "He seems to have bewitched all the boys in the ship, and they follow him round as if he was something more than their father. Certainly Willie was never so taken with any one before."

"Well," said Mr. H—, "I think it is a sign of Father De Smet's goodness, certainly of his exceeding kindness, that he attracts to him the affection of the young. And I am glad that Willie's taste is so good as to find pleasure in the company and conversation of such a man."

"I believe," said Mrs. H—, "that you would be willing to have our only son a Catholic priest, and our daughter a nun."

"My dear," said the husband, with a look and emphasis that seemed to intimate that the conversation was becoming a little too direct for the ears of strangers; "My dear, you have nothing to fear, I think, from the event such as you appear to dread. William is not likely to be a priest, nor Catharine a nun; but with the beautiful example of splendid learning modestly exhibited, with the lovely exhibition of sympathy in the feelings of the young which I have seen in Father De Smet, I am inclined to think that Willie might do worse than become a priest. And when I see the modest humility of the accomplished 'Sisters' that accompany Father Sorin, I think that Catharine might find in them examples of female excellence which fail to her in other quarters; and I should rejoice to know that our daughter had profited by their manners."

The attractions of Father De Smet lost none of their power during the voyage. And his good influence is likely to be remembered by some of these young folks, whose lives, I have reason to know, have been made better and more useful by the association.

I have been betrayed into an extended article by my respect for the multitudinous good qualities of

the late Father De Smet; and in the part that relates to that good man's declining the offer of a home and the enlarged elegancies of life made to him by his Belgian friends, I have embodied the ideas given to me twelve years ago in language which is only partly that in which the narrator told to me the anecdote.

How strong must Father De Smet have felt the obligations of his sacred calling! He had endured the fatigues and shared the dangers of a voyage to the Indians of the Western coast; he had sat down amid the discomfort of their squalid life; had humbled his thoughts and their expression to the comprehension of those gross people; he had acquired an influence which would have been jeoparded had he assumed the least authority; and he had returned to the labors of his mission in St. Louis with no addition to his consequence, and no public acknowledgment of his eminent usefulness. And by permission or in obedience to the orders of a superior, he had gone to spend some little time among his "brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh." The sciences and the arts, social and political economy, appealed to him for assistance, and warmed him into exertion. He stood religious among the religious, scientist among the scientists, and embellished social intercourse by his unequalled social powers. He knew what were the elegancies of refined life, and he was invited to minister to those elegancies in a retirement that should place him where his high cultivation, his pure taste, and his sanctified principles would be gratified, while he would be saved from a care as to "what he should eat or what he should drink," and at the same time be spared the mortification that *repeated* contribution is likely to cause to a delicate mind.

Never, amid the allurements of that delightful society which so appreciated high worth, did Father De Smet forget the lofty responsibilities of his calling as a missionary priest. Perhaps he called to mind the prophet mentioned in the Holy Scripture (3 Kings, 13th chapter), who was sent by God on a special message to a city with instructions not to abide. The people persuaded him to tarry, and eat and enjoy himself. He did tarry, he did eat, and he did enjoy himself. But when he was returning, a lion met him, and killed him.

Father De Smet knew that he had authority to visit his Belgian friends; but he knew that it was not a part of his mission to tarry among them; and so he, in the spirit of his order, in perfect obedience, returned to his work and his suffering.

Perhaps all are not so closely restrained as was Father De Smet. The humble may discharge small duties and rest for enjoyment; the ignorant will perhaps be excused if he does not hasten on his errand; but the informed, the man of lofty intellect and vast attainments, the chosen servant of God, who tarries by the way, is torn by a lion.

LAUDA SION.

(Original Translation from the Latin of St. Thomas of Aquin.)

Sion, sound thy Saviour's praise,
To thy prince and pastor raise
Tribute hymns and dulcet lays.

His worth in grandest pæans tell
Though with thy boldest strains they swell,
He all thy praise will far excel.

Special burdens from among
Be to-day thy theme of song,
The sacred bread life-giving, strong.

This the same celestial food
Upon the brethren twelve bestowed,
At that last most sacred board.

Then let thy notes sonorous roll,
Majestic, sweet, free from control,
Telling thy jubilee of soul.

This day, with solemn pageants bright,
Recalls the supper of that night
Whence dates this Eucharistic rite.

In this new feast of the new king,
The new law's Paschal offering
The ancient Phase to end doth bring.

New rites replace the ancient sway,
Prefiguring shades flee truth's pure ray,
Night's doubt is changed to faith's bright day.

What Christ in the last supper wrought,
With mystic memory of him fraught,
We still repeat, as he hath taught.

Learned from these lessons all divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine
Into the host, salvation's sign.

This belief by Christians understood,
The bread is changed to flesh, our food,
The wine converted into blood.

Where sense doth fail to comprehend
What doth the human sight transcend,
Faith with adoring knee doth bend.

'Neath outward forms that greet the eye,
Though signs, not things, we here descry,
Hid elements exquisite lie.

Now though this flesh and blood is ta'en
As bread and wine, a species twain,
Christ 'neath each form doth whole remain.

Exempt from separation's rule,
Though broken, e'er remaining sole,
By each receiver taken whole.

Though one receive the whole blest cake
The same for countless souls we break,
What none consume all equal take.

The good receive, the bad presume
This sacred banquet to consume,
But oh, how different their doom!

The wicked death, life the elect
Deriving hence, a wide effect,
In those the taking doth connect.

All doubts aside, this thought retain,
That when the host in parts is lain,
They each the former whole contain.

The sign, and not the signified,
Is all that we can here divide,
With naught ta'en from the typified.

BEHOLD THIS TRUE ANGELIC BREAD,
Whereon God's pilgrim sons are fed,
No feast herein for dogs is spread.

In ancient figures preordained,
In Isaac and the lamb unstained,
The mystic bread from heaven rained.

Jesus, Good Shepherd, hear our cry;
Have mercy, True Bread, strength supply,
And let us share thy bliss on high.

Thou source of knowledge and of grace,
Who at this feast dost grant us space,
At thy saints' banquet give us place.
Amen.

ROSE LEBLANC.

Chapter XVIII.

One morning, when Mdlle. de Tournefort and Alice were sitting at breakfast in the little sitting-room in the turret, where André had so often the year before watched Mdlle. de Vidal at her studies or her work, two letters were brought in by an old gray-headed servant, and handed to his young mistress, who, as she took them from him, little foresaw the influence they were to have on the whole of her future life. Coming from different places, arriving at the same moment, little had the writers of those letters guessed the effect they were destined to produce. One was from Rose Leblanc. It had been penned on the day when she had insisted on taking from Henri the one he had received from M. de Vidal, and was the result of the *idea* which had so suddenly occurred to her mind. She had been at great pains to write it, and had spent nearly a whole day on its composition. Henri had been banished from the parlor, Médor repulsed, and Jules Bertrand, who had called to offer his congratulations on her approaching marriage, warned off the premises. Once achieved, she looked upon this specimen of epistolary style with no slight amount of complacency. It seemed to her a successful effort, which could never be equalled, and had, therefore, better not be repeated. She lived on her own consciousness of its merits, and vowed she would never write another if she could possibly help it. The *chef d'œuvre* was as follows:

"My Sweet Angel: When one is very happy, it is natural to wish everybody else to be happy also, and more especially those one loves. Well, I am so very happy, so very joyful, that I would give the world to make others as happy as myself. And, in the first place, I must tell you, my sweet angel, the good news; and that is, that I am going to be married, and not to M. André at all, but to Henri, who has loved me dearly all along, and whom it turns out that I have been fond of also all the time I thought I hated him. And the best of it is, that M. André does not care for me, and does not wish to marry me. And this is all so very pleasant, that I can hardly believe it has really come to pass. And now I must tell you all about it. But first, I hope you will not think me a deceitful girl, and that I was pretending to like M. André when I did not. You see, when once I had promised to be his wife, I felt it was my duty to love him, and I tried hard to do so. But still, if you had said to me when I was with you at La Roche Vidal, 'Come, Rose, with your hand upon your heart, do you really care for André?' I am sure I should have told you the honest truth. Whether I did at one time really like him, I can hardly say; but indeed I think I did. I am sure I must have been fond of him when he was going to draw for the conscription, and Henri scolded me for talking to him. But then, no sooner were we engaged than it seemed as if I had left off caring for him. And when he went away, and Henri had saved my life and taken care of me when I was so ill, I soon found out who it was I really loved. I tell you all this that you may understand how it all happened, and that I was not deceiving anybody on purpose, when I pretended to like him. It was true, you see, at one time; and then, afterwards, it left off being true; and at last it

was not true at all. Like the pretty landscapes on the windows, when it freezes in the winter: early in the morning they are quite distinct; then, a little later, they are half gone; and about noon nothing of them remains. You who are so clever, and understand about everything, can explain it all, I dare say. Henri says that it was a trial Almighty God sent to teach him not to be so passionate and jealous. And I dare say this may be true; for he never goes into a passion now, and as to jealousy, why, dear me, he will never be jealous again as long as he lives; though he did say the other day that Jules Bertrand was a little jackass, because he kissed my hand when he wished me joy; and he tore up a paper with some very fine verses M. Firmin had written about 'The Rose of the Pyrenees.' But I don't care now. If he was to be ever so cross again, and beat me, or shut me up in a tower like Blue Beard, I had rather marry him than twenty M. Andrés, though I am sure I should be sorry to say anything uncivil about a cousin of yours, my sweet angel. But I must tell you that M. André wrote himself to Henri to say that he did not care for me; that he was attached to somebody else, whom he would love as long as he lived, but whom he never hoped to marry: and that he would marry me, if I insisted upon it. But I suppose he felt pretty sure I should not. And then he very civilly offered to make over to us all his fortune, which was very handsome behavior on his part. But, thank God, we do not at all want for money, though we are much obliged to him all the same for his kindness. I send you his letter to read, my sweet angel, that you may see that he has not behaved ill to me. If it is wrong in me to do so, pray excuse my foolishness. One must not be too hard upon people. It is not his fault, poor man, if he likes somebody else better than me; and, as it happens, it is a great blessing. It would have been very tiresome if it had been the other way, you know. As Henri says, 'We have been very near being miserable for life, just for want of understanding each other.' How I wish everybody would understand everybody, and everybody would be happy! I am sure a king and a queen could not be so happy as Henri and I. There is only one thing I care for now, and that is that you, my sweet angel, should be happy also. Every day in my prayers I will beg of Almighty God to make you so.

"Your grateful little friend and servant,

"Rose Leblanc."

The other letter was from Colonel De la Feronnière. He gave in it a very bad account of André's health. A young man who had been travelling with him in Italy, and had become much attached to him, wrote from Rome to communicate to his friend's relatives the apprehensions he enterained with regard to his health, and the deep depression of spirits which was either the origin or the result of his illness. Obliged himself to return to Paris, he could not forbear from urging on Colonel De la Feronnière the necessity that some friend or relative should supply his place, and relieve the solitude of André's existence. M. De la Feronnière expressed his regrets that he did not see what arrangement to suggest on this point. M. Baptiste Vidal, who had just assumed the management of a commercial enterprise in Boulogne, and his aged mother, much too infirm to travel, could not be expected to leave home. "And even had they been able and willing to do so," added the Colonel, "I greatly doubt if, after the first moment of pleasure which he would have in seeing them, our dear invalid would have found much en-

joyment in their society. You, my dear Alice, who, together with a feeling heart, possess that peculiar intelligence which understands and hits upon the best remedy for every kind of suffering, will perhaps be able to advise me on this subject. If it was not for the duties of my position, which chain me to my post, I would at once set out for Rome ; but this is, alas ! out of the question."

"Dear aunt," Alice said, "read these two letters;" and whilst Mdlle. de Tournefort was looking for her spectacles, and then slowly perusing first Rose's elaborate though artless composition, and then the Colonel's hurried note, she knelt down by her side, leaning her forehead against the back of her chair. A tear trickled down the old lady's withered cheek as she folded up the letters and took off her spectacles. Two arms were thrown round her neck, and a faltering voice said in her ear, "Let us start for Rome to-morrow."

"So we will, my dear child," was the good woman's unhesitating answer.

There was not a tenderer heart in the world than that of the unromantic Mdlle. de Tournefort. Sentiment had never rippled its surface, but true sensibility dwelt in its inmost core. And real sorrow, whatever its source, was always sure to awaken her sympathy.

Two days elapsed, and on the third the aunt and niece were on board the steamer from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia,—the former somewhat uneasy at the suddenness with which she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and undertaken so long a journey with so little advice from any one but her own heart and the Curé of the village, who had assured her it would be a work of mercy to go and visit the poor young man, whom the late Baron loved as a son,—and the latter absorbed by the thoughts of the task before her, and vague hopes and fears as to the ultimate results of the step she had taken.

On a lovely afternoon in February, just as one of Rome's glorious sunsets was illuminating the sky with its gorgeous hues, and throwing a red light on the domes, towers, and cypresses of the Eternal City, Alice arrived in Rome, her hands clasped together, her lips moving in voiceless prayer, even as if entering a church. As she passed through its streets, the words of Jacob in the desert where angels had visited him arose spontaneously in her mind, "This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven ;" and from each cross, each altar, each sanctuary on the way, a voice seemed to reply, "God's peace be with you."

At that very hour André was sitting on one of the long wooden benches in St. Peter's, his head sorrowfully sunk upon his breast, his forehead of a marble paleness, and his cheeks flushed with the hectic hue of a consuming fever. As the light was beginning to wane, he saw two women enter through the principal door, and walk straight to the tombs of the Apostles, where they both devoutly knelt. He watched them as they passed along the nave, with the sort of anxious sickly curiosity which so often attends incipient disease. After losing sight of them, he rose and slowly went towards the entrance-door. As he was lifting up, with an effort almost too great for his strength, the massive curtain which hangs before it, he saw close by his side the two women he had been watching a moment before, and he drew back to make way for them. Alice turned round to thank the courteous stranger, and their eyes met. She saw him stagger, and held out her arm to support him. "Lean upon me, André," she quietly said.

"Come with us," Mdlle. de Tournefort added. "The carriage is close at hand." And hurrying forward down the steps, she made a sign to the coachman to advance.

André passed his hand over his eyes and brow, and murmured in broken accents, "If this is a dream, for mercy's sake do not awaken me."

"It is no dream," Alice whispered, and then with great simplicity said, "It is for you we are come."

They slowly descended together the long flight of steps in front of the church. The glories of the sunset sky were fading into twilight's gray, and the cold chill of evening pervaded the air. Mdlle. de Tournefort was waiting for them in the carriage. When her companions had joined her, she bade the coachman drive to their hotel; and André leant back exhausted with emotion and scarcely able to speak. As they drove by the obelisks in the Piazza of St. Peter, Alice's eyes fixed themselves on one of the sentences, written in letters of gold on the Egyptian marble: "Vincit Leo de tribu Juda;" the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered. She repeated these words in a low voice, as if speaking to herself; and they remained impressed in her recollection as a memento of Christ's eternal triumph over suffering, persecution, and death.

André accompanied Mdlle. de Tournefort and Mdlle. de Morlaix to the hotel where they had engaged rooms, and spent the evening with them. Alice, who had been struck from the first moment she had seen him again with his paleness and the alteration in his appearance, was still more uneasy on noticing the feverish excitement which succeeded the languor she had at first observed in his manner. Wearied by the emotion he had gone through, the look of his eyes and the tone of his voice betrayed the restless uneasiness of disease. It was evident that he was taking pains to disguise his weakness, and to deceive himself as well as them as to the state of his health. In taking leave of his companions that evening, he begged to be allowed to call upon them early the following day, in order to escort them in their first visit to the Vatican.

During the night the weather became rainy and cold. One of those sudden changes in the atmosphere took place, from which even the climate of Italy is not exempt. This, however, did not keep Alice at home on the following morning. At an early hour she was on her way to Mass, at the church of the Trinità del Monte. The sky, so bright and so serene the evening before, was now obscured with clouds, and a cold sharp wind blew from the mountains partially covered with snow. The beggars followed her with their loud clamorous vociferations. She felt oppressed with a grief which resembled remorse, and kept asking herself if it had been right to come to Rome, and awaken in André the hope of earthly happiness, at a time when his earthly career was tending to a close, and his thoughts ought rather to be directed to the happiness of heaven, than to the joys of this life. "And yet," she mentally ejaculated, "is it not possible, if disappointment and sorrow have had their share in causing this illness, that it may not be too late for happiness and peace of mind to save him? Ought I to have abandoned him to loneliness and depression, in order to detach him from existence? and is it wrong to run the risk of riveting the links which bind him to earth by cheering his remaining days with the light of love and happiness?"

This trying question, so important in its practical results, so difficult to solve by the dictates of human prudence, was in her mind all the time she spent in church,

and fervent were her prayers for light and guidance. When she came out upon the steps which command the magnificent view from the heights of the Monte Pincio, the majestic spectacle which displayed itself before her eyes took her by surprise. Dark masses of clouds were rolling along the sky in the direction of the sea, and the sun shining brilliantly the while on the intervening plain. Gleams of stormy light were illuminating here and there the domes and cypresses, the old walls, the towers, the broken columns, and the palaces of the city, which was lying before her at the feet of St. Peter's glorious shrine, the outline of whose cupola stood out in matchless grandeur against the blue sky on the opposite side of the horizon.

At that moment she felt the sublime moral greatness of Christian Rome. She understood the sort of influence that it is capable of exercising on men's hearts and minds; and into her mind came at once the thought which threw a light on the path she was about to tread. A deep feeling of thankfulness took possession of her soul. Leaning against the wall, but prostrate in spirit at the feet of Him who had led her to His chosen home on earth, she blest Him for the mercy which was disclosing to her at the same time the nature of the task she had to perform and the means of accomplishing it. "Yes," she murmured, as her eyes lingered on the wonderful scene before her, "yes, here it may be possible to enjoy life and to prepare for death; to love as Christians only can love, and to part without overwhelming anguish; to learn from the saints how to live, and from the martyrs how to die. To inhabit Rome, to study and to love it, must bring the soul into close communion with the other world."

Her eyes fixed on the holy places of the eternal city, whose silent lessons she had already laid to heart, she inwardly pledged herself never to swerve from the line which in that hour her faith and her love, her duty as a Christian and her tenderness as a woman, led her to adopt.

On her return to the hotel, Alice found Mdlle. de Tournefort sitting over the fire, and bitterly complaining of the far-famed climate of Italy.

"André is not come yet, I suppose?" said Mdlle. de Morlaix.

"I have written to him on no account to venture out on foot today. Going backwards and forwards from one house to another would be the worst thing in the world for a young man whose lungs are in a most delicate state."

"Indeed I have been thinking so ever since we arrived," answered Alice, with a sigh.

"It might have been wiser to remain at home," said Mdlle. de Tournefort, in a gruff kind of voice, which was evidently put on in order to disguise the feelings of sensibility which she did not wish to give way to; "but as we have been guilty of the folly of coming to Rome, I cannot but think" . . . .

"What? what do you think?" said Alice, anxiously watching for the next words.

"Well, I think that M. de Vidal should move into this hotel. We can be of some use to him then, and he sadly wants looking after."

"Oh, my dear aunt, you will suggest it to him, I hope. He would not perhaps venture to propose it."

"I *have* suggested it," the old lady testily replied; "you don't suppose he made any objection, do you? They are at this moment getting his room ready."

"I am so glad," said Alice, turning her head away.

Mdlle. de Tournefort held out her hand to her. Both were deeply moved, and there was no need of words to express their feelings.

From that moment Alice and André began to lead a life which partook of the soothing influence which belongs to the scenery and climate of Rome. It was wholly independent of the habits and social cares of a worldly existence, but in perfect harmony with the dispositions of their hearts and the tone of their minds. To those who enter into the spirit which pervades Christian Rome, prayer becomes almost as habitual as thought. Sensible objects are continually calling into play, without fatiguing or overburdening them, the intellectual powers and the imaginative faculties. A keen perception of the beauties of nature and of art mingles itself with religious emotions, and lends a charm to the varied and daily recurring practices of piety, which seem to arise out of every object which the eye rests upon in this strange city, where memory and faith are continually bringing the reminiscences of the past and the thoughts of the future to bear on the present; where Christian and Catholic tradition holds its unbroken course through the lapse of centuries, from the catacombs to the basilicas, from the tombs of the martyrs to the galleries of the Vatican.

The betrothed lovers were often seen in the churches where the devotions of the Stations and of the Forty Hours attract a numerous and fervent crowd, kneeling amongst the beggars on the rough uneven pavement strewn with leaves and flowers, and offering up prayers at the privileged altars.

"How young they are! How pretty she is! How ill he looks!" whispered the old women, who paused a moment, with their beads in their hands, to gaze on the youthful strangers.

"Ah, poverello!" they sometimes ejaculated; "he has not long to remain in this world; that is evident. But he is so devout! he loves the Blessed Virgin so dearly! No doubt he will go straight to heaven: and that santarella, who follows him like his shadow, or rather like his guardian angel,—she looks much more like a spouse of Christ than a fidanzata of this world!"

"Do not forget us," the beggars cried out as they passed, shaking their tin boxes at the same time. "We will pray for you, signora, and for the young signor, that he may recover his health."

"Oh, yes! pray for us! Do not forget to pray for us!" Alice would say, turning back to make her petition to the poor of Christ, after a generous distribution of the heavy Roman copper coin, which drew down on her and André's heads a profusion of blessings.

The strangers in Rome who frequented the galleries and the studios more than the churches, noticed also the pale blue-eyed girl, and the youth leaning on her arm, whose life seemed to hang on a thread. They were seen lingering before Raphaels, frescoes, and Fra Angelico's pictures, or standing in contemplation opposite to the Last Communion of St. Jerome, that sublime farewell to earth, or to the Madonna of Foligno, that first enraptured glimpse of an opening heaven.

One day in the Capitol André remained a long time near the statue of the Dying Gladiator, the sculptured tragedy which Lord Byron has so powerfully described,—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower: and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

"Consents to death, but conquers agony!" murmured André in a low voice, as his eyes rested with a mild and troubled expression on

the type of heathen endurance, meeting death without complaint and without hope.

The paleness of his cheeks, and the tremulous agitation of his hands, betrayed an interior conflict which Alice's watchful eyes discerned. She drew him away from the cold hall, from the silent marble forms, from the careless sight-seers, into the sweet air, the bright sunshine, and then into the neighboring beautiful church of the Ara Cœli. There, in the temple once dedicated to the false gods of pagan superstition, and now to the infant Saviour of a ransomed world, before the picture of the Virgin Mother—one of those painted by "Luke the beloved physician," and which, in days of yore, smiled on St. Frances of Rome when her sorrow was at its height—peace returned to André's soul. Christian consolations triumphed over human weakness; with a sublime expression of love and joy, after raising his eyes to heaven, he turned to Alice, and whispered the words of St. Paul—"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

Never was the Italian spring, that lovely bridal of the earth and sky, more perfectly beautiful than the year in which Alice and André wandered together amidst the hills and valleys which surround Rome. With the blue cloudless sky over their heads, in gardens and groves where the almond-trees mingled their pink blossoms with the dark-colored cypresses and pale-hued ilexes, by the side of sparkling fountains, on the shores of the Lake of Nemi, in the woods of La Riccia and Albano, on the heights of Castel Gaudalfo, amidst the ruins of Adrian's villa, or the sanctuaries of Subiaco, the vales of Veii, or the shades of Lunghezza, that verdant oasis of the Roman Campagna, they spent enchanting hours seated on the green grass, surrounded with violets and cyclamens, sometimes with their books in their hands, their eyes wandering from the pious, the learned, or the poetic page to the visible records of bygone ages, or the scenes of nature's loveliest combinations.

"We lead a very idle life," André said one day to Alice; "your only occupation here is to make me happy. At La Roche Vidal, the poor people, the school children, the very birds and animals used to claim a share of your time. Now, I engross it all."

"Oh, these are our holidays," she answered with a smile. "Some other time" . . . .

"Aye, some other time," he interrupted. "Soon, very soon, others will have you all to themselves!"

The last of their excursions was to Ostia. This was just before the Holy Week. They spent a night there, and stood at the very spot where tradition says that St. Augustine and St. Monica sat together on the evening of their arrival, in the little town where, three days afterwards, she was to die. They read the sublime pages of the Confessions, in which the saint relates the conversation which took place that night between him and his mother, as "they gazed upon the sky and its myriads of countless stars, and raised their minds from the contemplation of material objects to the thought of the soul's immortality, and the eternal happiness of heaven." These words found an echo in the breasts of the affianced lovers. Under the influence of the profound serene beauty of the sunset hour, and of the expressions of the most sublime piety, they remained absorbed in thoughts which were almost prayers, and set the seal to the sacrifice both tacitly felt they would soon be called upon to make of all the earthly hopes and joys which had brightened their young lives. They re-

turned to Rome the next day, but with a different feeling from that with which they had left it. They felt a presentiment that the end of their pilgrimage was at hand; they understood that their brief strange happiness, their short lifetime of love, was drawing to a close. It was not a bitter thought, not a sudden pain. It had been contemplated from afar in the silent hours of prayer and the calm communion of their souls with God. Their feelings were like those of the traveller approaching the end of his journey, as the shades of evening gather around him, as the sun goes down behind the hills, and the moon, with her subdued and holy light, is rising in the tranquil sky.

In the manner which his failing strength permitted, with a faltering step and aching frame, André, always accompanied by his two devoted companions, witnessed the sacred ceremonies of the Holy Week. They did not attempt to mix with the crowd in St. Peter's on Maundy Thursday, or to brave the heat of the Sixtine Chapel; but they knelt at the foot of the steps of the Scala Santa, and leant against the wooden cross of the Coliseum on Good Friday. From a distance they caught the sounds of that wonderful Miserere, the notes of which thrill on the ear like the cry of a sinner who repents, and touch the heart like the voice of a pardoning God.

Then came the day of days in Rome, Easterday, the glorious festival of the Christian Church. A peculiar joy fills the heart that morning, like to no other joy on earth. "Christ is risen,"—those words, the exulting cry of triumphant faith, rise from the souls and from the lips of the assembled crowd. They seem to float in the air, to ring from every steeple, to re-echo from every neighboring hill. The bells of St. Peter's proclaim it with their deep sonorous peal. Immense multitudes throng the great temple of Christendom; the silver trumpets fill its dome with soul ravishing melody. The hallelujahs of angels seem to mingle with the praises of men. And the Pontiff at the altar, and the worshippers in the nave, and the crowd about the portal-gates, repeat with one voice, "Christ is risen again."

At the end of the High Mass, Alice, Mdlle. de Tournefort, and André left the church by the sacristy door, and hastened towards the colonnade, where the carriage was waiting for them; but he suddenly stopped, and entreated them to mix with the crowd assembled on the Piazza of St. Peter. They accordingly knelt down on the steps of the marble flight of stairs in front of the Basilica at the moment when the Holy Father came forward on the balcony to bless the city and the world, "urbi et orbi." His powerful and melodious voice rang on the ears of all, and thrilled in the souls of many. It seemed to go forth far beyond the limits of the Eternal City, as if seeking through the wide world all the weary spirits, the aching bosoms, the breaking hearts of the great family which own his paternal sway; all the mourners, the sufferers, the forsaken ones of every clime under the sun. The blessing of the Vicar of Christ, of the successor of St. Peter, rested that day on many a head bowed down to receive it. It made its way to many hearts yearning to be consoled, cheered, and sent on their way rejoicing by that fatherly benediction; but it appeared to descend with more than common meaning, with more than ordinary sweetness on the two youthful strangers, the betrothed lovers, kneeling side by side in a touching attitude of mutual support and trembling earnestness. It was to them as the pledge of an everlasting union in heaven, the only one they hoped or thought of now.

André was leaning heavily on Alice at the moment the Pope withdrew. He whispered to her in so low a voice that she could hardly catch the sound, "Let us hasten to the carriage. I can scarcely stand."

As they crossed the piazza, the men and women, and even the children, made way for the young couple, and looked compassionately at Alice, whom they called "La Santarella Francese," the Guardian Angel of the pale stranger. With difficulty they reached the carriage, and drove alongside the Tiber, and through the Trastevire, on their way back to the Piazza di Spagna. As they crossed the bridge near the broken arches, both of them turned round, and gave a long, lingering look on the dome of St. Peter's. . . . . A few hours later, Alice was gazing on it once more. She had unconsciously approached a window whence she could see the whole city lying in darkness before her, save where here and there a solitary lamp burned before an image of the Madonna. Gas had not then illuminated with its modern brightness the streets of Rome; but the cupola of St. Peter's, like a dome of living fire, was lighting up the midnight sky. She shrank back astonished and almost affrighted, for she had forgotten all about the illumination of St. Peter's. She had forgotten everything but the grief which had fallen upon her, and God, who was giving her strength to bear it.

As the Angelus was ringing, as the day was closing—the bright, beautiful Easterday in Rome—André had breathed his last, with his hand clasped in hers.

She gazed for a long time on the scenes where she had wandered, suffered, and prayed by his side; in Rome, which he had so dearly loved, and whose sacred enjoyments and silent teachings had given them a foretaste of heaven amidst the pangs of one of earth's deepest trials. With her head leaning on the breast of her faithful friend, who was supporting her with a mother's tenderness, she murmured these parting words, with an emotion she did not attempt to control—

"Farewell, blessed sanctuaries! Farewell, chosen home of God on earth, where I would fain have lived, and above all would fain have died! Farewell, André! Farewell, Rome!"

Then, after a few moments' silence, she raised her eyes to heaven, and uttered St. Francis of Assisi's favorite ejaculation: "Deus meus et omnia!" "My God and my all!"

A few days afterwards Alice was hearing Mass in the subterranean chapel of the church of St. Lawrence, out of the walls, and then went and knelt at a new-made grave in the cemetery of that ancient basilica, on which she had had engraved the words of Holy Scripture,—"I shall go to him . . . . but he will not return to me."

She went back to her own home and made no considerable change in her mode of life. It was still more solitary perhaps than heretofore. The late Baron's establishment was gradually reduced, and old servants pensioned off. One of the wings of the castle was converted into a hospital, where the aged and infirm persons of the neighborhood were freely admitted. Mdlle. de Morlaix, with one of the Sisters of Charity, to whom she had committed the care of the hospital, was wont to seek out these objects of her tender compassion in the neighboring villages, and conduct them herself to the home she had provided for them. Mdlle de Tournefort and some of her uncle's old friends, good and pious people all, remonstrated sometimes with her on the extent to which she carried almsgiving, and expressed fears

that she would end by injuring her fortune and her future prospects.

"My future prospects are very simple," she would answer with a smile; and there was an expression in her face which by its very sweetness checked further questioning.

Two years elapsed, and the neighbors began to wonder what was to be the end of all Mdlle. de Morlaix's alterations in the old castle, and whether every portion of it was gradually to be dedicated to the same purpose as the left wing. Her lawyer and the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity had frequent interviews with her; and deeds were drawn up, and plans for building examined over and over again. At last business came to an end; and one evening Alice de Morlaix walked out upon the terrace where she had so often supported her grandfather's faltering steps, and where, a few days after his death, she had parted with André. She gazed on those ancestral possessions once so fondly loved, and fixed, for the last time, her eyes upon them, as she had done on the view of Rome from the Pincian Hill on the eve of her departure from the Eternal City. But there was not the same struggle in her heart as on that mournful day; and gratitude rather than resignation was now her prevailing feeling. The world, its wealth, its pleasures were nothing to her, and no absorbing human affection stood between her soul and God. Two years of solitude and prayer had done their work. She cared for nothing but to follow our Lord's advice to the young man whom when He had looked upon He loved—"to sell all, and give to the poor, and then to follow Him." Her mind was made up. There was no need for further delay. The sacrifice had been made long ago. The seed had been sown in tears; now the harvest was reaped in joy. The last look was given at the glorious landscape and the old towers of La Roche Vidal, and not a tear dimmed the eye which rested upon them with affection, but not with regret. Once more, as she had done in Rome, the young girl said "Deus meus et omnia;" and then turned away forever from the home of her youth, and walked towards the travelling-carriage which was waiting at the gate of the garden where André, the day he arrived at the Chateau, had seen her surrounded by a troop of joyous children. There were waiting for her Mdlle. de Tournefort, who was going to spend the rest of her days in her former little home near Lyons, which she had left out of kindness for her niece, but had always longed to return to; a few old servants, whose tears were flowing fast; the Sisters of the hospital; and the Curé of the village, who had come to give a parting blessing to the daughter of his earliest friend, to the maiden he had instructed in childhood, and whose earliest steps in life he had guided. Alice knelt to receive that fervent benediction; then tenderly embracing the Sisters, the sobbing women, and the children who were clinging to her dress, and waving her hand to the men, who were passing their rough ones over their eyes, she cried out, "God bless you!" sprung into the coach, and went on her way rejoicing.

Two more pictures have to be presented to the reader of this little tale before it is closed, and its simple incidents come to an end.

One is that of the farm of Les Ormeaux, near the beautiful village of Jurançon, at haymaking time. The day is bright and hot; a transparent golden haze hangs over the Vale of Pau; the stillness is such that scarcely a leaf is stirring, even on the topmost branches of the tall elm-trees, under the shade of which is sitting Rose, the loveliest and the happiest of farmers' wives in

the Hautes or the Basses Pyrenees. She had just brought the hay-makers their dinner, and is now playing with her child, a rosy boy of one year old, who rolls from his mother's knee into the heaps of sweet-smelling hay with shrieks of delight. It is a charming scene of rural life. The waters of the Gave are peacefully flowing with a low, murmuring sound on one side of the beautiful meadow, and a rising bank, crowned with a variety of fruit-trees, rises in the background. Henri Lacaze is superintending the loading of a wagon of hay at the opposite extremity of the field, and directing the labors of his men; but his eyes often wander towards the spot where his wife is sitting with her baby in her arms. Every object in sight harmonizes with the glowing landscape, which itself combines the brilliant coloring of Italy with the grandeur and the verdure of Alpine scenery. The wild flowers, warmed by the sunshine and trodden under the feet of the mowers, emit the most balmy odors, and smell like the heaps of crushed rose-leaves in the gardens of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. And the Rose of Jurançon, the happy wife of the most loving husband, the mother of the laughing boy whose arms are stretched out towards his father, and whose little bare feet dance with impatience on her knees, because she detains him in her fond embrace; every feature in her face, every glance of her bright eyes is beaming with joy, even as the sunshine is sparkling in the blue waters of the Gave.

And now a woman in deep mourning appears at the gate which leads from the field to the high road, and advances towards the spot where the farmer's wife is sitting. The moment she throws up her veil Rose recognizes her, and they are soon folded in each other's arms. "O my sweet angel, is it you? Is it really you? Henri, Henri, what are you about? What's the matter with you, that you do not come running here directly?" The farmer slowly approached, but no sooner did he see Mdlle. de Morlaix than he respectfully took off his hat, and his sunburnt countenance exhibited almost as much satisfaction as his wife's. Alice sat down between them on a heap of new-mown hay. The baby hid his face on his mother's shoulder, glancing now and then with a half-shy, half-amused look at the stranger. Rose kept repeating from the fulness of her heart, "My sweet angel, my dear angel, what happiness it is to see you again!" At first Alice remained silent, then she held out her arms to the little boy, who, after a moment's hesitation, went to her and held up his rosy mouth to be kissed. Soon he began to play with a little cross she wore, and showed it to his parents with signs of delight.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said Henri, "we have never ceased to think of you."

"Ah, that is true," chimed in Rose; "and to pray for you also. We have so longed to see you and hear about you. Oh, if you could only be as happy as we are! If we could give you half our happiness—a large half too—would we not, Henri?"

"True, wife, and not grudge it either," Farmer Lacaze said; but looking at Alice, in a hesitating manner he added, "I am not sure, however, that our sort of happiness would exactly suit Mademoiselle."

Rose and Alice both looked at Henri; the former with a puzzled expression of countenance, the latter in a way that made him feel he had guessed rightly. No, it was no earthly joy, however pure, that could fill the void of her deep heart.

"Dear Rose," she said, "I have come here on purpose to see you, to witness your happiness, to make

acquaintance with this little child, and to . . . bid you farewell."

A cloud obscured at once Rose's joyous face. "Why, why farewell?" she said. "Where are you going, my sweet angel?"

She turned towards her husband, as if asking him to explain Alice's meaning. "I have been to Betharam," the latter said, "to return thanks for God's mercies to us all since the day we three knelt there together at the foot of the cross. The crowning mercy of my life has been the call to a religious life."

"I thought so," said Henri.

"You are going to be a nun," Rose ejaculated.

"A Sister of Charity," Alice answered.

"Ah, you were always fond of the poor and the sick and little children. It came as natural to you as to me to love animals."

Alice smiled, and Henri said, "Well, Almighty God has made angels and women; but I have a sort of notion that He sometimes throws the two into one."

This made both Rose and Alice laugh, and they did not speak much more of the future that day. But Rose showed Alice her pretty home, her garden full of bees and flowers, and her child's cradle and her home-spun linen, and told her Henri was the best of husbands. And Alice made her several presents, and said a few words of affectionate advice which the farmer's wife never forgot; and then there was a parting, and the last links were broken between Mdlle. de Morlaix and the world.

A few months elapsed, and then in the chapel of the Rue du Bac, at Paris, Alice was enrolled in the army of devoted combatants, now sixteen thousand strong, which, since the days of St. Vincent of Paul, has fought the good fight in every part of the world; which ministers to sufferers in every clime and every nation, and sends forth its detachments at a moment's notice wherever war, disease or poverty calls them to the bedside of the dying soldier, to the wards of the fever hospital, to the haunts of misery or the abodes of despair; whose ranks are daily thinned by hardships and pestilence, and recruited in every land and in every class of society; which commands love and reverence wherever its legions go forth in the name of God and St. Vincent, to conquer the world by loving deeds and heroic actions, by their lives, and by their deaths.

If Sister Geneviève, as Mdlle. de Morlaix was now called, possessed a peculiar gift for consoling those suffering under bereavement, if she knew how to encourage those who had suffered from blighted human hopes, and by a few unpretending words how to initiate them into the joys reserved for all who, having been mourners once, have found the only lasting happiness which can exist on earth, it was doubtless that peculiar trials had made her acquainted with grief, and given her a more than common sympathy with sorrows of a similar kind. She knew how to bind up the wounds of the heart with as skilful a tenderness as her sisters daily evince in the ambulance or the hospital: and many a one whom she visited in her daily rounds of mercy thought, like Henri Lacaze, that it was difficult to say whether Sister Geneviève was most like a woman or an angel.

THE END.

THE BEAUTY AND UTILITY OF TRUE SCIENTIFIC GEOLOGY:

ITS HARMONY WITH THE SACRED SCRIPTURE.

THE history of the world in which we live has ever been an object of interest, and for many centuries one of incessant investigation. From age to age there have been found men to record the actions of those who went before them, or to chronicle the events they saw taking place around them, and in which they themselves not unfrequently participated. Still these records relate but to the deeds of men; they have reference only to the waves that have agitated the surface of the stream of human existence that is ever flowing onward to eternity. In our times there are seen far other histories of the world. There are men who must speak to us of other things than have been dreamt of in former philosophy; who, prying into the caverns of the deep, and searching the recesses of the hills that lift their snowy heads to heaven, and finding there the remains of organic life and the monuments of other forms of existence, tell us of many mighty monsters that lived in the primeval waters, or that once moved upon the earth, strange beyond what poet ever imagined in his most wayward dreams. The characters in which these records are written, although unknown to the men of ancient times, are inscribed with a fidelity and enduringness beyond what man has ever written, and have been made to speak a tale more wondrous than the chisel of the sculptor has written on the tombs of the Pharaohs. Need we say that we allude to the recent discoveries of geological science?

Geology is eminently the science of the present day, both for the strange and important nature of its discoveries, the ardor with which they have been prosecuted, the interest which it has excited in the public, and, we shall add, the vast array of talent which it has enlisted in its cause. We do not pretend to give our readers any original views, nor to add new developments of those which are already before the world. Our design is merely to use the facts collected by others, in order to afford useful and interesting entertainment to many of our friends who may not have any better source of information. The popular objections from geology, or the facts on which they are supposed to be founded, are constantly brought, either in reading or conversation, under the notice of the people, while the solutions are not to be found except in works difficult of access, and less likely to attract the occasional reader. We propose, therefore, to present a brief summary of some leading principles, especially those supplied by the science itself in its progress, for the solution of difficulties.

Science is only a classification of facts. If we begin with a theory before we have a sufficiency of facts we start at the wrong end. Instead of deducing the principles of a science from the harmony and concurrence of accurate experiments, modern sciolists try to accommodate these latter to a preconceived theory; they reject or distort them from their legitimate tendency, and thus obstacles are cast in the way of truth which cannot easily be removed. No department of knowledge has had more serious diffi-

culties of this kind to contend with than geology. The first teachers began with theories, which were long sustained by the ordinary force of important names, but they were sifted and scattered by the usual variations of public opinion. The greatest advance made by geology has been since the commencement of the present century. It has enlisted in its service the aid of many other siences, such as *mineralogy*, *anatomy*, and *chemistry*, and being cultivated by such sages as Cuvier, Brogniart, Lamarck, Agassiz, &c., it has made more progress than at any previous period. The usual method of unseasonable theory has been abandoned, and each phenomenon subjected to a rigorous examination. New views were developed, and new discoveries occurred, especially in the nature of organic remains.

Judging from the progress within the last thirty years, it would be hard to tell what the advance or condition may be in the future. It is not our intention to attempt within our limited opportunity even an outline of the principles which are now generally admitted. We will treat of only a few particulars in this science which may seem at variance with the sacred Scriptures.

The chief difficulties that present themselves to the geological inquirer are principally derived from the distribution of organic life, and the extent of time which seems necessary for its development. The part of the substance of our globe which man has yet penetrated is not more than the sixteen thousandth part of the diameter of the earth, that diameter being very nearly eight thousand miles; and the deepest mine ever excavated not reaching more than half a mile in a line perpendicular to the surface. If a person were to run his nail along the surface of a ball of wood twelve inches in diameter, he would go deeper, in proportion to its size, than man has ever done, or probably ever will do, into the earth. It is evident, therefore, that we can know comparatively little of what is contained or done in the unfathomable and unexplored depths beneath us. The small portion to which observation extends is found to be a crust, foliated like the external coating of an onion; these foliations consisting of strata of different mineral structure, and each containing peculiar organic remains. These are distributed with such regularity that each class of stratified rock has its own peculiar remains. There are no less than twenty forms of stratification, and it is in only one or two, and these the uppermost of all, that any remains resembling those of existing animals are to be found. In the other and as they are called earlier strata the species, and in most instances the genera are altogether extinct, and seem to have been extinct before man or any of the existing races of animals appeared on earth. Each of these masses of stratified rocks would appear to be the result of a sediment deposited from water, sometimes salt and sometimes fresh, as may be inferred from its shells, which are sometimes of a marine and sometimes of a lacustrine formation.

It is only rarely that salt- and fresh-water shells are mixed up together. Each of these strata (and they are in many instances thousands of yards in thickness) is the result of slow and gradual deposition; for the shells that are found therein would seem to have been formed in the very spot in which they are discovered, some of them being of so frail and delicate a texture, or composed of so many delicate articulations, or so covered with slender and finely pointed prickles, that they could not survive uninjured the least violence or friction, and would assuredly be broken to pieces if removed by vio-

lence to any distance; and as one generation can be proved to have succeeded another, they must, according to the ordinary laws of production, have required ages to reach their present immense numbers and extent. Such are the contents of the oolitic beds of England. We have still more remarkable instances of this state of things in the beds of the cretaceous system. The chalk is found from the Giant's Causeway in the North of Ireland, along both sides of the Mediterranean, to the very entrance of the Red Sea, interrupted only by a few mountain chains, and is in many places more than three hundred yards in thickness; yet this immense mass has been demonstrated, by Dr. Ehrenberg of Berlin, after long and minute microscopical examination, to be composed almost entirely of shells of small animalcules of the infusoria kind. Some of these shells are entire and perfect as when they were tenanted by their diminutive proprietors, but the greater part are in a state of very minute disintegration. They are invisible to the naked eye; indeed so minute are they that more than a million are contained in one cubic inch, and more than ten millions in a pound weight of chalk. The manner in which these minute artificers raised their stupendous work is very analogous to that of the coral formations of the Red Sea, or the Pacific Ocean. Who can tell the time these extensive beds occupied in their formation? Yet it is a more remarkable proposition in geology, that even before these vast formations began there was animal and vegetable life upon the earth. The very bed of these primeval oceans was, at some earlier period, dry and solid land, and covered thick with foliage and with verdure, such as not even the banks of the Niger or the Oronoco can equal in luxuriance. Such it was when the coal beds were formed. These beds are exclusively of vegetable origin. The very leaves or branches can still be traced, and the species of tree to which they belonged can still be discerned. These species are found nowhere on the present surface of the globe. Their nearest living types are found only beneath the burning sun in the vigorous vegetations of the tropics. Hence it has been inferred that when these forests grew some climates, as England for example, were of a far different and higher temperature than they are at the present day. Nor are these carboniferous beds the result of one period, or of one uninterrupted growth. They are found, one above the other, separated by thick beds of sandstone, and sometimes of limestone formation, which contain marine fossils, and which in any ordinary process must have been formed by watery deposition. These would lead us to suppose that the land which bore this luxuriant vegetation was alternately depressed beneath, and elevated above the sea. Thus it is that geologists account for the alternating layers of the carboniferous strata. Yet how great a period must, according to all the known laws of nature, be required for such mighty and stupendous revolutions; and these are but a few of the phenomena which the geological structure of the globe exhibits to us, and which no less than any of these would appear to require a period far greater than the Mosaic record seems at first sight to allow for their production. The distribution of organic life is also very remarkable. In the very earliest and most ancient rocks no organic remains of any kind are to be met with. The first to be seen are in the upper strata of the Silurian system. After a long interval, which is ascribed to the old sandstone, and during which but few fossils are found, we have the umbrageous forests of the

carboniferous period, and then the new red sandstone and oolitic beds, which are remarkable for the number and variety of their remains. In these we have the earliest specimens of reptiles, which existed and multiplied in great abundance. Some of these were of a size and form very different from any that exist at the present day. The *ichthyosaurus* is said to have presented the external form of a large predatory fish. It resembled the dolphin in the form of its skull, and the crocodile in its formidable jaw and teeth, and had four paddles not unlike those of the whale tribe. The eye of some individuals of this species exceeded in size the head of a man, and the body must have been at least thirty feet in length. The crocodiles, which tenanted the waters of the primeval world, would scarcely admit of comparison for a moment with the mightiest gavial of the Ganges. Had man been an inhabitant of the earth at this period he must have disputed its sovereignty with the *megalosaurus*, an enormous carnivorous, lizard-like animal, some fifty feet in length, and with the *pterodactylus*, one of the most wonderful creatures that ever tenanted this world of ours. It was a flying lizard, with the head and neck of a bird; the eyes were of an enormous size. It had wings of a bat, and the jaws of a crocodile. The *iguanodon* of the later period differed from the *megalosaurus* in being a graminivorous animal. It sometimes attained the enormous length of seventy feet. The remains of all these animals are found imbedded in the solid rock thousands of feet below the surface. Subsequent to these, and seemingly when they had all lived and moved and ceased to exist upon the earth, are found the remains of the mammalia, mostly of extinct, but some of living genera. The *pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals, of which the elephant is a living representative. The *paleotherium* somewhat resembled a rhinoceros. The living but diminutive types of the animals of this period are now only to be met with in the countries bordering on the equator. The shells of this period also, which are found in great abundance in the Apennines, are equalled in size only by those of the Indian Seas. The inference which some would draw from these facts is, that the present condition of the earth is, to some extent, at variance with the Scriptural record. The period of 6000 years, said to have elapsed since the creation, will not afford time, they say, for the production of such results; nor will the changes which are said to have occurred since these account for the phenomena we witness. The one would not have afforded sufficient time for the formation of the earth; nor the deluge for the destruction and entombment of so many species of organic life, and so deep in the heart of the solid rock. It is not by one sudden convulsion that they were destroyed, for each such division of organic life increased, and multiplied, and possessed the earth for an indefinite but long period, and thus passed away before it was succeeded by another. Such are the leading geological difficulties presented by the Scriptural narration of the creation.

A method of reconciling these phenomena with the Mosaic narrative dates its origin from St. Augustine. He suggests that the six days of creation were long periods of time, at the ending of which the earth was subjected to some great change, and became the theatre of some new display of the creative power. This interpretation was, by many, adopted, when the requirements of geology seemed to demand some modification of the previously and popularly received account of the creation. It is sufficient to account for the existing

appearance of things; and as these periods are undetermined, sufficient time is afforded for any duration which the necessities of geology require, and it has the additional advantage of presenting to us the works of creation in precisely the same order as they are disclosed to us by the succession of strata, and the development of organic life. The only obstacle to its admission seems to be the generally admitted acceptance of the word "*day*," and the difficulty of deviating so far from its ordinary meaning. But we should, at the same time, recollect that the word day is often employed in a wider and more extended signification. It is sometimes, as in Job, applied to express the entire life of man; in other places it means a year. In the very second chapter of Genesis it is used to express the entire time of creation. "*These are the generations of the heaven and the earth, in the day that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth.*" This extension of its meaning is employed in several other passages. It is not limited to the duration of a solar day, by the words morning and evening, with which it is said to be synonymous. For there could be no rising or setting of the sun, and, therefore, no morning or evening, before the sun was made, which was only on the fourth day. There is, therefore, no absolute and insurmountable difficulty in our interpreting the word day to mean a period of time which was occupied in the production of certain events upon the earth, and which is commensurate with the rise and decline of a definite order of existence upon its surface. This interpretation is able, to a certain extent, to meet all the requirements of geology, and was at one period the most rational and satisfactory solution of the difficulties we encountered. Another interpretation has rapidly gained ground within a few years. According to this supposition, the six days were of ordinary solar duration, and the greater part of the phenomena of geology were produced before they commenced, and during a period which may have elapsed between *the beginning*, when all things were called forth from nothing, and *the formation* of the present order of things, as described in the first chapter of Genesis. It disconnects, in the order of time, the first verse from those that immediately follow, and maintains that a long, and to us immeasurable, interval took place between them. The present formation of the earth is related immediately after the creation, but it is not necessary for us to believe that it was immediately consequent thereon. "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,*" is the prelude by which the sacred writer commences his narrative, and in which he vindicates the power and sovereignty of God. But how far that event preceded the events recorded in the next sentence, or how many revolutions of animal and vegetable life may have taken place upon its surface, or by how many dread and fearful convulsions these changes were brought about, is not given to us to know. Compare the beginning of Genesis with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, and how striking is the resemblance between them! If the words of the apostle were the only record of the antecedent world that reached our time, if the documents of sacred and profane history were destroyed, would it not be as rational to conclude that the mission of the Baptist followed immediately or shortly after the beginning there mentioned, as to infer that the work of six days followed immediately on the creation of the world?

The creation of all the constituent parts of the material world we believe to have been instantaneous;

its subsequent organization to have been various and successive, produced and destroyed at different times, and it may be, for anything that we know, regulated by laws of combination and of motion different in intensity if not in kind from anything now in existence; though this difference can be, with our present knowledge, nothing more than a conjecture. The simultaneous creation of the constituent parts of the material universe seems to be declared by the words of Ecclesiastes, "*Creavit omnia simul.*" In conformity with this declaration we should think that God at first only created all that was to be brought forth from nothing; but on the other days did not create, but formed and adorned the things already created. Hence it is that the word which is translated "*created*" is used in the first verse only, and is not met with again until we arrive at the creation of man. This would imply a distinction between the nature of the act described in the first and subsequent verses, and that while the first was a creation from nothing, the other was a making of new forms and combinations out of already existing elements. In like manner, with reference to the evoking of light, we may say that this light was not properly speaking created, because in the beginning God created the whole of matter. The light may have been in existence before this command was issued, and the sun and moon may have been in the vault of heaven before they were bid to shine, and yet can be strictly and truly said to be made for the earth when the specific purpose of illumining the earth was appointed for them. They may have shone on many a monster of form uncouth, and guided on its way many a creature of former times, and of other conditions of our globe. We know that some luminary must have shone on the forms of organic life which are found in the primitive and secondary strata, for these have the organs of vision as powerfully developed as those of the present time; and we cannot suppose these faculties to have been given by infinite wisdom in vain. But when the earth was being prepared for man they got another and a nobler purpose; they were made to light and to comfort him, and to be to him as signs for days, and for seasons, and for years. It is thus that God placed His bow in the clouds as a sign to Noah, though it must have been a necessary consequence of the laws of refraction throughout all time; but it was a mere natural phenomenon before, and it became invested with a purpose, and pregnant with a symbolical meaning to the patriarch and his posterity. It is thus that the sun, moon, and planetary bodies may be considered to be made when they acquired a purpose to fulfil in the natural economy of our globe. They may have existed before; but they did not exist for man. According to this interpretation, therefore, the following may be considered to have been the order of creation: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; calling forth from nothing the material elements of which they are composed, and in their full integrity the angelic intelligences with which the heavens are filled. The material creation was there subjected to various laws, moulded into various forms, and made to minister to many a purpose hidden from human scrutiny. But in what manner these objects were effected, whether by an instantaneous exercise of power, or, as is more in accordance with the tenor of God's works, by a gradual increase and growth, and by what agency, or the operation of what laws their destruction was in part or entirely effected, and for what immediate end, we have no means of ascer-

taining; but it is probable that they were a preparation for that yet nobler and more perfect being by which in after times the earth was to be inhabited, and for whose use and benefit the products of even the remotest period were destined. There was no human eye to contemplate the showing forth of the Divine power and wisdom, but there were celestial intelligences to witness and adore, and many a bright spirit and child of God to sing with joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. When the last great series of events immediately preceding the present order of things was completed, and the vast globe itself was convulsed to its centre by the power of that Divine command which went forth, as it shall again, to proclaim that the former things were to be no more, and that all things were to be made new, the relations that existed between it and the planetary orbs became disturbed, the transmission of light impeded, the very luminiferous ether, by whose undulations light is produced, became torpid and inactive; and, as a necessary consequence, there was darkness on the face of the deep, in which earth and sea, and the remains of terrestrial and aquatic existence, and every green tree and shrub, were confusedly mixed up together. Then came the creative spirit brooding over the face of the waters, and the voice heralding the dawn of our present world, "Let there be light, and there was light," quickening into activity and motion once more that fluid which science has demonstrated to be the medium of light, and to be distinct from any of those heavenly bodies whose influence can impart to it the undulations by which the sensation of light is caused; hence the possibility of an evening and a morning on the first day. On the second God made the firmament or terrestrial atmosphere, by which the waters of the earth are divided from those that are above the earth. On the third day was the separation of the land and sea; on the fourth the sun and moon became visible; on the fifth the living and creeping things of the waters, and the winged fowls according to their kind; on the sixth the beasts and cattle of the earth. And when all was completed and seen to be good, God made man to His own image and likeness, and gave him power and dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes of the sea.

"Had the Scriptures allowed no interval between creation and organization, but declared that they were simultaneous, or closely consecutive acts, we should perhaps have stood perplexed between its assertions and modern discoveries. But when, instead of this, it leaves an undecided interval between the two, nay more, informs us that there was a state of confusion and conflict; of waste and darkness, and a want of a proper basin for the sea, which then would cover first one part of the earth, then another; we may truly say that the geologist reads in these few lines the history of the earth, such as his monuments have recorded it, a series of disruptions, elevations, and dislocations, sudden inroads of the unchained element, entombing successive generations of amphibious animals; calm but unexpected subsidences of the waters, embalming in their various beds their myriads of aquatic inhabitants; alternations of sea and land and fresh-water lakes; an atmosphere obscured by dense aquatic vapors which, by gradual absorption in the waters, was cleared away, and produced the pervading mass of calcareous formations, till at length came the last revolution *preparatory for our creation;* when the earth, being now sufficiently broken for that beautiful diversity

which God intended to bestow on it, or to produce the landmarks and barriers which His foreseeing counsels had designed, the work of ruin was suspended, save for one more great scourge, and the earth remained in that state of gloomy prostration from which it was recalled by the reproduction of light and the subsequent work of the six days creation."*

The omission in this narrative of anything that had no immediate and necessary connection with its moral purpose is, in our minds, a special instance of that infinite wisdom which presided over and directed its inspired author.

If he had spoken to his people, or to the people however learned of his time; or, yet more, if he had spoken to the people of modern times before the scientific research had laid bare the secrets of the earth, or the forms of life with which the earth formerly teemed; if he had spoken to them of those great monsters of the ancient world; if he had had a chapter on the stupendous dimensions of the iguanodon, and a paragraph on the seemingly incongruous properties of the pterodactylus; would the details seem credible to an ignorant and unscientific generation? Would not his history seem to surpass in absurdity the rhapsodies of the Koran, or the institutes of Menu? The very avataras of Buddha, or the transmigrations of Vishnu, would seem more reasonable and more worthy of belief. If Voltaire had found it laid down in Genesis, before science seemed to bear testimony to the fact, that such things formerly existed on the earth, that the vegetation of England was more luxuriant, and its climate warmer than it is now beneath the line; if he had found there one half of what is now generally admitted, what a rich armory would it not have furnished him for his unholy purposes? It was therefore wise, and it argued a more than human prudence in the sacred writer, to pass them over in silence, and to leave them unnoticed and unknown until the persevering zeal of other times revealed them to the world. His narrative, if it did not make known their existence, so neither did it place any impediment to their admission when science was to admit them within its privileged domain. The supposition which we have advanced with regard to the existence and mutations of the earth during long and to us unknown periods of time, before the work of the six days commenced, is by no means new. It was so believed by some of the most illustrious and most able of the early Christian fathers. It satisfactorily meets all the requirements of science, without offering violence to the obvious and literal meaning of the Mosaic narrative. It may be objected that the extended period, and the remote antiquity to which the creation is thus assigned, are not in fit accordance with the position which man occupies with respect to it; and it may seem unreasonable to admit that the earth has been for ages the abode of living beings while man is but lately arrived upon its surface. If the earth was made for him, as we are assured it was, why was he not placed on it before? The same, or a similar objection was made to the truths of astronomical science when the depths of space were first examined with the telescope, and suns and systems, surpassing in beauty and magnificence even our own, were seen scattered over the fields of space in multitudinous profusion. It was said then as it is said now, that the diminished position which man was made to occupy in the immensity of God's works was also a diminishing of the dignity which religion ascribed to him, and was an argu-

* Wiseman, vol. i, 309.

ment against the fact of his having been redeemed by an incarnate God. Why, it was asked, should the inhabitant of a second or a third rate planet in the solar system, which system is itself but a minute speck in the vast expanse of the created universe, invisible perhaps to the eye of an individual residing in some distant star, be favored by such a wondrous deed of mercy? And were man to rest his claim to that favor, or to rely for the truth of that mystery on his own excellence, or the importance of the position he holds in the scale of creation, it would be an argument conclusive against him. But his claim, if so it can be called, is of a far other kind, and derived from a different principle, and becomes so much the stronger as science extends its empire. His title is derived from his own helplessness on the one hand, and on the other, from the infinite love and mercy of Him who came from heaven to save. If that love could be measured by the standard of human feeling, if it were to save only the nobler being and abandon the less noble to destruction; if it were to be inclined to mercy because of the high qualities of that being towards whom it is exercised, it might be such as man could conceive and estimate, but it would not be the mercy of God. It would not be that mercy of which man knoweth not the height nor depth; a mercy which left the angels to perish while it redeemed men; which left the ninety-nine sheep in the wilderness to seek the poor truant,—it may be the least valuable of the flock that strayed away; which preferred the dying thief on Calvary to the great and the beautiful and accomplished that it could have chosen from Jerusalem. The more you diminish man's place in the scale of the Creator's works, and the more science expands that creation in widening circles around him, the more his redemption becomes in harmony with that Creator's attributes, and the deeper and more grateful the impression which is left upon the mind for that love which rescued him from his calamitous doom. The more you prove that there is no measurable proportion between the Redeemer and the redeemed, the more will that redemption be in keeping with the charity which passeth all human understanding, and whose ways we believe to be incomprehensible. The same concession which we make to the requirements of astronomy with respect to space, it is scarcely fair to refuse to geology with respect to time, when the ascertained facts require that concession. How far soever removed the heavenly bodies may be from our earth, we know not what influence they may exercise in the adjustment and stability of its movements; and, though destined to fulfil other objects in the economy of creation, it will be true to say that they were appointed for the use of men. So also with respect to the requirements of geology, however remote the period at which the globe had its origin; and though the stratification and mineral structure of its surface may have required many successive revolutions and long periods of time for their production, it is still true that they ministered to the purposes of man. This may have been the course and mode adopted to prepare the earth for his use, comfort, and subsistence. The coal which diffuses warmth round his hearth, the glittering gem which lends its charm to beauty, the useful and ornamental metals which are necessary for the wants of civilized society, the marble which he employs for artistic purposes, the stone with which he constructs his dwellings, the limestone with which he fertilizes the earth, nay, the very soil on which he treads,

and from which he draws subsistence, were all prepared by long and laborious processes by the agents, animate and inanimate, of God's bountiful providence, and at remote times, when only the far-seeing eye of God could tell for what final purpose they were destined.

I hope I have said enough to show that the Mosaic narrative presents no serious impediment to the admission of geological science. In its infancy, and when it served to furnish the materials of many a theory to dreaming visionaries, and invest them with the name and semblance of philosophy, it was calculated to excite hostility. The more scientific truth is known, the more perceptible becomes its harmony with that which is revealed. But we should ever bear in mind that the researches of geology can never unfold to us the perfect and uniform system of our globe. It may turn up a page or decipher a sentence in the great book of nature, but it can never spread out the whole; and in the part which remains unexplored may not some fossil or phenomenon exist which would either confirm or unsettle the greater part of what is now admitted as certain. Shall we say that we have reached the point in which the ascertained truths are to preponderate over and exceed in number the unknown, or can it be that we are yet to see our present systems again exploded, and the human mind, like the Sysiphus of Grecian story, doomed again to the same round of toil, and thought, and fruitless investigation? For has it not been said of man and of the earth on which he treads, "*He hath made all things good in their time, and hath delivered the world to their consideration, so that man cannot find out the work which God hath made from the beginning to the end.*"

When the words and works of the Lord are viewed in their real harmony, we derive from their mutual illustrations accumulated evidence of the Author of both, and admire those scientific studies that exercise the godlike faculty of reason in investigating the phenomena of nature. The character of geology is indeed most admirable and attractive. It lays open before you a chronicle of the globe's physical history, whose leaves are as ample as the earth, whose most recent great dates synchronize with the deluge and the creation of man, whose characters are the identical forms of organized beings that lived thousands and thousands of years ago, and, after lying entombed in the earth for ages, now come to light with all the gloss of novelty upon them. To every order of mind geology may afford delightful occupation, its facts are so startling, its objects are so diversified, its results so grand, and many of them so decidedly practical. Not one of the physical sciences but is tributary to geology in the large sense of the word—mineralogy, which not only makes us acquainted with the nature of mineral substances, but determines the laws which regulate the form of everything, from the icicle to the diamond, from the drop of water to the starry orb; fossil botany, which from a stem, a leaf, or the impression graven on the rock forever, builds up to the imagination, according to their proper species, the giant forests that long ago waved over the earth, and determines the temperature of the climate wherein they flourished; fossil conchology, with its myriads of shells in endless, ever-pleasing variety of symmetrical form, delicate convolution, graceful outline; fossil zoology, with its colossal dragon-like reptiles, and many monstrous strange creatures, whose existence was not thought of until their exuvia were recently dug out of the earth.

Not one of the sciences but ministers to the instruction or the pleasure of the student of geology. Not an object, from the orbs that roll in space to the microscopic animalcule, but comes one way or another within the scope of his researches.

Besides its many other attractions, geology is eminently practical and useful in its results. It is of great advantage to the agriculturist, whom it teaches the composition of soils, the mode of cultivation best suited to them, how to correct the excess or supply the defect of the natural causes of fertility, how to carry on the operation of draining upon sure and scientific principles. The architect and sculptor are indebted to geology—the one for the choice of durable building materials; the other for the selection of marble fit to receive the forms of his beautiful art, and worthy to embody the conceptions of immortal genius. It is the geologist who has rescued the search for the metallic ores from mere blind chance, directing it by their distribution. He will tell you where you may expect to find these hidden treasures, imbedded deep in the earth, injected into the fissures of the rock. He will tell you to look for tin in granite regions, lead in carboniferous limestone, most of the metals in veins—gold in quartz sea-rocks, platinum, the diamond, and other gems in alluvial deposits. He will lead the miner to the dark cavern where these treasures are hidden, light his way with a flame more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp, and give to the stroke of the implement wielded by his brawny hand a power to elicit wealth from the casket of flint, such as enchanter's wand never gave. The geologist can best direct to the profitable discovery of coal, that mineral more precious than silver or gold, which enables the brave and enterprising men of this country to traverse land and sea with a rapidity and ease exceeding all former belief, to carry the benefits of civilization to the most distant parts of the earth.

In fine, geology discloses wondrous works of God which else had been utterly unknown to us; it has brought to light confirmations of Holy Writ unthought of before, and found where, for a season, persons supposed naught was to be found but evidence to the contrary.

The geologist finds in the bed of the ocean, on the mountain-top, in the deep valley, the remains of plants and animals, every one of which is an argument of creative power, wisdom, and goodness. To him, as nature's archæologist, is given to decipher the records of these mighty physical events traced by the hand of God, in ineffaceable characters, on the earth's crust long ages before the pen of history was taken up by the hand of man. In the words of the poet, he

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Such being the character of geology, we must devoutly wish that a science every way so attractive, so fruitful of advantages to man, so full of testimony to truth, should be cultivated with all possible ardor for its legitimate ends, but not abused to the unholy purpose of depreciating and opposing the word of revelation. Alas, it has been abused! In the hands of the enemies of Christianity, it fell away from a noble faith. Still bright and beautiful even in its fall, it were a pity it should be abandoned, cast away forever outside the domain of truth. Happily it is every day being won back. If a too fatal curiosity has prompted man once again to put forth his hand to pluck forbidden fruit from

the tree of knowledge, what more worthy of him, as an intellectual being, than to repair to his utmost this offence against the truth by correcting the errors which ignorance associated with a noble science? Whoever does this, according to the measure of his ability, deserves well of science and religion, and makes all lovers of truth his debtors.

Yes, geology at first fell into unworthy hands; it was taken almost entirely to themselves by men ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; and thus misdirected, it was no wonder it soon found itself brought into antagonism with the word of God. But as kinsmen or friends involved in some unhappy feud at the moment of a deadly encounter, overcome by the irresistible power of integrity, embrace one another, even so this once misguided science has been won over by the just influence of nature to the side and support of that sacred cause which in an unhappy hour it had the misfortune to oppose. For a time, geology seemed, like the Gentile world of old, to be cast away from God's truth; but even when it seemed to be utterly abandoned to itself, a light from heaven broke upon it, and the wise men of geology have come to offer their gifts to the Son of God.

FAREWELL!

Dark spots there are in sunny places,
  Thorns on the stems of flow'rets fair,
Clouds overshadowing beauteous faces,
  Young bosoms harboring fear and care;
Mingling with tones of mirth and gladness,
  We hear the dull funereal knell,
'Mid pleasure's glee the voice of sadness
  Sighs mournfully, "Farewell! farewell!

"Farewell to summer's gentle breezes,
  To friendship's whispers, gentler still;
Our frames the breath of winter freezes,
  Our souls are 'numbed by scorn and ill.
Farewell, once gay and fragrant flowers;
  No dewdrop gilds the drooping bell;
So dried by grief, these hearts of ours
  Can scarcely moan, Farewell, farewell!"

Welcome to him the smiling morrow
  Who tosses through the weary night;
Welcome to every child of sorrow
  The joyful sound—"Behold the light!"
Then how can hearts by anguish riven,
  Too sharp, too deep, for song to tell,
Forbear to pant, to pine for Heaven,
  Where none shall cry, "Farewell, farewell?"

THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

I.

"To the health of the future bride and bridegroom!"

"Yes, to their health!"

"I," said a lady's voice, "propose we drink to the good voyage, to the success in arms, and to the prompt return of Albert. May he return a captain, and may the marriage-feast soon follow that of the betrothal!"

Grateful looks from two persons responded to this toast; those of the future bride and of the young officer's mother. Both were sad, for their thoughts wandered from the present to the hour of parting close at hand.

Albert Lagrange was about to embark for Africa with his regiment, destined for a campaign; and it was hoped he would return in about a year a captain, Knight of the Legion of Honor perhaps, and then accomplish his marriage with Camilla Lagrange, his childhood's playmate, who, having loved him for a long time as a brother, was willing to see in him a guide, a friend,—all that a husband ought to be to a loving and good woman.

But before being united forever, it was necessary they should part for a while; before the time of their marriage they must bid adieu to each other—an adieu that might be forever. When the party had broken up Albert sat down by his mother and Camilla. Madame Lagrange was weeping, and Camilla trembling all over.

"My son," said his poor mother, "do your duty, but take care of yourself if possible, for the sake of those who love you."

"Mother," he replied, "I trust in Providence and in your prayers; it seems to me they will be to me as a shield. However," he continued, joining the hands of Camilla and his mother together, "if I fall, dear Camilla, remember me as a brother and friend, but do not renounce all hope of happiness because of me."

"No," she replied firmly; "you only, Albert, or God!"

He would have answered, but his father interrupted him.

"Albert, the carriage is ready; you must go."

Madame Lagrange sank half-fainting on her son's shoulder, while Camilla's hand was clasped in his.

"The time is come," he said, as his tears fell on his mother's face; "farewell, dearest mother; farewell, my Camilla, my life: think of me, pray for me."

His family crowded round him to take their leave; but at the last moment he hastened back to clasp his mother and Camilla once more in his arms; then the carriage set off, and was soon on the road to Poitiers; and the two sorrowful women, gazing around them, might have said with Lamartine: "One being is wanting to me, and the world is empty."

II.

Nearly a year had gone by, with the anguish, the doubts, the brief moments of joy known to all those who have a cherished being at the seat of war. Albert's letters, which were long and frequent, dated mostly from the camp, brought a ray of joy to his family; but when they realized that ten days had passed since the letter was written, they began to say, "Where is he now? Will he write again? Some misfortune may have occurred."

And the hearts of father, mother, and betrothed were thus tortured.

They opened the papers with trembling hands, glancing down the lists of the fallen, till at length M. Lagrange would say, "The war cannot last much longer. What progress has been made!"

But the mother and Camilla repeated to themselves, "Will he ever come again?"

Camilla was an orphan, and had been brought up in her uncle's house. Her love for Albert had grown and strengthened all her life. She knew him so well, she trusted him so perfectly, and respected him so much. He had been the friend and protector of her childhood; and now he was to be that of her whole life. With him too she could prepare for heaven, for his faith was pure and ardent; and they could look forward to their union for all eternity.

Suddenly the letters ceased. Week followed week; in vain was the postman questioned; there was but the same answer, "Nothing from Africa to-day." Camilla and her aunt were in such a state of nervous anxiety that an unexpected visitor, the sound of horse's feet, the ringing of the bell, the grave face of a servant terrified them. However, they waited on; and waiting, bad as it is, is still hope.

One evening M. and Madame Lagrange had gone to pay a visit of necessity, and Camilla, sitting alone at the window, watched for the postman. She saw him coming rapidly along; but he turned aside to a neighbor's house and left a letter there. They also had a son in Africa, and Camilla rejoiced, and said to herself,

"Perhaps Albert has written by the same ship. They were making signs to each other in the next house; they have good news evidently."

She ran to meet the postman, and received several letters from his hand. She gazed anxiously at them. Not one bore the handwriting of Albert nor the African stamp; but among them was a large peculiarly-folded letter bearing on it in printed letters, "From the Minister of War."

Camilla's knees shook under her, and she felt that news of Albert's life or death were in those pages; and she cried aloud in anguish.

"My God, grant that he may not be dead! My God, have pity on us!"

She walked slowly home, and waited for the return of her uncle and aunt.

"No letters?" said they as they entered, and saw Camilla's pale anxious face.

"Yes, uncle, here is a letter."

M. Lagrange took it from her, opened it, glanced over it, and fell back in his chair. Camilla caught the paper from his hand, and read as follows:

"Sir: I have the painful duty of informing you that Lieutenant Albert Lagrange fell in one of the last engagements in Africa. This officer was signalized by his exactitude, intelligence, and valor. He is deeply regretted by his companions in arms; and the homage which is justly rendered to his memory will be, I doubt not, a motive of consolation for his family. —I remain, sir, &c."

The poor mother had fainted away; the father groaned in anguish of spirit; the servants came running to give what assistance they could; and when Madame Lagrange came to her senses, Camilla had time to realize her own sorrow. She wept with that violent weeping that we can only pour out in youth over our first keen sorrows.

"Poor child, dear child!" said her uncle tenderly.

"Alas!" cried the poor mother, "I loved him too much. I am justly punished; but this child, why is she to be crushed also?"

A few days after this mournful news Albert's eldest sister, who was married, came to see her parents with her husband and children. Their arrival consoled M. Lagrange; but the mother and Camilla were shut up, as it were, in an inacessible fortress of grief.

One day Camilla said to her aunt, "You must live for those who still belong to you, dear aunt; they gather round you, and you must respond to it; but as for me, I shall become a religious."

"Alas, dear child," said her aunt, who, like all mothers, felt that the child she had lost was the dearest, "If I were free, I should do the same."

Camilla lost no time in announcing her resolution to her family.

"I shall never be consoled," she said, "but in a convent. I shall be more at rest; I have such a horror of the world, I cannot stay in it. My adopted parents do not need me, because their daughter Clemence is going to live with them. I am free to seek the solitude and the rest that I so much require."

M. Lagrange insisted on her waiting for six months; but during this time neither did her grief diminish nor her resolution change.

"I shall never cease to mourn for Albert," she said; "but in doing a little good to others, and in prayer, I shall become more calm. Let me go."

They were obliged to yield to her entreaties; and when the six months had run out, M. Lagrange conducted her to St. Laurent sur Sèvre, the mother house of the Filles de la Sagesse."

III.

The evening shades were beginning to fall on the green fields among which rose the Convent of the Filles de la Sagesse; the last rays of the setting sun fell on the windows of the house, the sky was overspread with tints of every gorgeous hue; all breathed peace around, and the sound of the "Angelus" seemed to raise the soul of the passer-by from the beauty of earth to that of heaven.

"Look, my child," said M. Lagrange, "at this beautiful landscape; see this charming weather. There is much happiness still to be found in the world. Think of your family, and enjoy the blessings that God has left to you."

She shook her head; and, shedding the tears that the least allusion to the past always caused to flow, said, "Father, Albert no longer enjoys them; Albert is beneath the ground. I will take pleasure in nothing. This sunlight, this brightness, the singing of birds only distress me."

M. Lagrange made no further remonstrance; and shortly afterwards the carriage drew up at the convent door, and the travellers were ushered into the parlor—a large plainly-furnished room, having no other ornament on the bare walls than a large crucifix, and a picture of Father de Montford, founder of the Order. In a few minutes the Superioress-general entered. She was tall and pale, with a sweet peaceful countenance, a glance full of intelligence.

"Here is my niece, madame," said M. Lagrange, "of whom I have written to you."

"You believe then, young lady," said the superioress gently, "that you are called to the religious life?"

"Yes, madame; yes, mother. God has called me to it by a great sorrow. I have a disgust for the world, and I beg you to admit me among your daughters."

"But do you know to what this holy state will bind you?"

"To love God; to obey, and to try and do a little good to others."

"Certainly," replied the nun; "but you must go further, and you will find that it implies an absolute

renouncement of self, and of the things that are most precious to us. Remember this. By obedience you give up your own will, your right over yourself. You cannot choose your work, nor the place you will live in, nor the companions you will live with. You will work when you want to rest; you will be sent to a hospital when you would like to teach in a school. You will be contradicted in both great and little things; but if God gives you the vocation you will cherish this subjection. By the vow of poverty you give up all your property; you cannot give alms; you will have a narrow cell, plain food, coarse clothing; but if God gives you a vocation you will cherish this austerity. By the vow of chastity you consecrate your body and soul to God; you are no longer free to love creatures; you give up the lawful affections of earth; you will live alone; but if God gives you a vocation you will cherish this solitude of the heart. In our institute in particular, which our holy founder vowed to the 'folly of the cross,' the life is hard. You will have to labor hard; you will be corrected and reprimanded; and God only will be the witness of your fatigue and your trials. Tell me, my child, what does your heart say?"

"Mother," said Camilla with simplicity, "I am not frightened. It seems to me that among you all, in trying to love God, I shall find a little peace, now that Albert"—she could say no more.

"My child," said the superioress with much compassion, "you are acting under the influence of a great sorrow; but is that enough? Is it really the Spirit of God who is drawing you? I confess that I fear to receive you."

"Mother," said the young girl, "I have read in the *Lives of the Saints* that St. Margaret of Cortona was converted by seeing the dead body of the man she had loved. I want to give myself to God in the same manner. Ought I to be refused?"

"You can serve Him in the world."

"No; there I feel sure I shall fall into a useless despair. Here the rule, the good examples of others will help me on; and when God calls me to Him, I shall go and rejoin Albert, who was so good."

Mother St. Flavian was still undecided.

Camilla respectfully took her hand and said: "If I were at your door wounded and suffering, like the poor traveller in the Gospel, you would not refuse me an asylum. Well, my soul is afflicted—it seeks a little calm; leave it not without; receive me among your daughters, I implore you."

"Be it as you will," said the vanquished superior; "I will admit you as a postulant, my child; then you will examine your soul before God; you will weigh our obligations, you will try to know our rules; and if you persevere, I shall give you the holy habit with joy." And she embraced Camilla tenderly and blessed her.

"Adieu, dear uncle," said Camilla; "I shall often think of you before God."

The old man shed tears, and said: "My poor Camilla, it is like losing my son a second time."

As soon as he was gone, the superior, after taking Camilla before the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom, led her to a room set apart for visitors, which she thought it best she should occupy that night, and defer her entrance into the community till the morrow. She slept little; and that little was troubled with confused images,—some in the uniform of the African army, others in the gray dress of the Filles de la Sagesse.

At four o'clock a bell roused the community; and Camilla dressed herself, and sitting by the window, watched the beautiful sunrise. At six o'clock there was a tap at her door, and a nun entered.

"Will you like to come to Mass, mademoiselle?" said she; "I will show you the way."

"I should like to go, sister; but I am not in the community yet."

"We shall admit you by degrees," said the sister, whose sweet gentle face attracted Camilla instantly. "I am the mistress of novices; and for the future, mademoiselle, you will be under my charge."

"O, call me Camilla, dear sister; it will make me so happy." And they went together to the chapel.

The sisters were in their stalls, all wearing large black veils, which fell from their heads to their feet; and the Mass began. Camilla prayed earnestly; she prayed for the soul who was so dear to her, and who had flown to that unknown land where prayers alone could reach him. She prayed too for herself; she said to God, "I am sorrowful, console me; I offer myself to Thee, receive me; I have no longer any place in the world, open Thy house to me." When at Communion time she saw a great number of sisters approach the altar, her soul was softened. She said, "I too shall communicate more frequently; God will come into my heart; He will be my strength; He will take the place of all others."

After Mass came breakfast. Camilla found the superior had spoken truth: the food was plain, the furniture common. Nothing of the luxury she had been accustomed to met her eye; but she took all in good part. After breakfast the novice mistress, Sister St. Michael, took Camilla into the garden, saying, "The novices are gone to needlework; I am not wanted, and I can give you a little time, my child."

They walked round the garden in silence. Here and there rose statues of saints, little oratories, and the Stations of the Cross.

"Let us sit down here," said Sister St. Michael, "near our Lady of Compassion. We shall see the convent, the chapel-cross, and the novitiate. Doubtless, my child, you have often longed to be here. Vocations are often tried for a long while."

"Sister," said Camilla simply, "it is only the last six months that I have thought of religious life. Before that time I hoped to marry. I looked forward to great happiness; but Albert, who was to have been my husband, is dead."

She turned away her head; and the nun, who had known the sorrows of life, felt a great compassion for this poor heart, so young and so sorely wounded. She let Camilla weep in silence, while she prayed. After some time she said, "After this great sorrow which God sent you, you had the sudden desire to quit the world?"

"Yes, mother; and I will open my heart fully to you. I had promised Albert to love none but him; to be either his or God's. I wanted to keep my promise. Then I suffered so much in the world, the happiness of others did me harm; and I knew feelings of envy and murmuring were rising in my heart. I wanted to escape from all this, to save my soul. Then I want to pray much for Albert's soul, and do all I can that he may be happy, and I soon go to rejoin him. That is all, mother."

The eyes of the nun were full of tears.

"Let us pray, my child, that God, who has given you courage and good-will, may give you perseverance. Calm yourself now; we will rest a little, and then go back to the novitiate."

Some time afterwards Mother St. Flavian said to the novice mis-

tress, "What do you think of the new postulant? Can she be received as a novice?"

"She is a truthful, simple soul," said Sister St. Michael; "docile as a little child; and, though she has not come into religion by the ordinary way, I think we may give her the habit. During the novitiate we shall be able to decide finally about her."

"Very well; tell her she shall be received on the Feast of the Guardian Angels."

IV.

The chapel was beautifully prepared; candles and white flowers ornamented the altar. The organ, touched by a skilful hand, accompanied the beautiful chant, "Veni Spousa Christi." Fifteen sisters made their vows, and twenty-eight young girls received the habit, and declared in the presence of God, their superiors, and their companions, that they aspired to bear the title of spouses of Christ, and servants of the poor and sick. Camilla, now attired in the ancient costume of the peasants of Poitou, which is the habit of the Filles de la Sagesse, was remarked for the melancholy expression of her face, and the look of entreaty she seemed to give to her crucifix; reminding those who saw it of the words of the "Stabat Mater," "Let me share thy grief divine." She was so different from the other young novices, whose faces were radiant with joy; and who had not lost in the midst of their sacrifice the happiness of their youth.

But it was with a resolute though sorrowful heart that Camilla entered on her probation. She paid scrupulous attention to the rule. The days commenced early with meditation, vocal prayer, and Mass; then came work or study, meals and recreation. One day was like another; but it was a peaceful though hard life.

The novices were gradually trained to teach in the schools and nurse in the hospitals; but much more were they taught to break down the evil part of their natures, and to cultivate virtues which should flourish in the souls that are consecrated to God. The novitiate should be as a furnace, in which all dross should be burnt away, and the pure gold be refined.

Camilla had an especial love for prayer, and never found the hours for meditation too long. The silence of the novitiate suited her disposition. She loved the long quiet room where the white-veiled novices sat silently at their work. She had suffered so much during her first six months of sorrow, from the bustle of the world, visits, conversation, and laughter of children, who knew not what death meant.

She loved also the long walks in the garden and the sisters, where the novices looked like a flock of doves who had taken flight. She accepted willingly austerity, humiliation, and penance; the childlike simplicity of her character made them easy to her; and Sister St. Michael, who saw her more docile and obedient than many religious who aspired to high perfection, often thought, while watching her, of the words of our Lord about little children, and those who are like them. Recreation-time was Camilla's trial; she could not share in the merry laughter and the gayety of her young and innocent companions; and she silently prayed for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

Thus swiftly and peacefully passed away the two years of the novitiate; and the council of the community assembled to decide the fate of the novices who wished to make their vows. Sister Mary of the Cross (which was Camilla's name in religion) obtained a large majority of votes; her regularity, her gentleness, her humility, had impressed all the members of the

community; but Mother St. Flavian was undecided, and she said at last, "I doubt about this vocation, which has been determined by a human motive only."

"That is true, dear mother," said Sister St. Michael; "but does not God make use of many means? Sister Mary of the Cross will run many dangers in the world if we reject her, because she is so simple and ardent; here, gentle, docile, submissive to direction, will she not ripen for heaven? I know well she has not been led by the ordinary way; but, however, I believe she will be faithful, and that she will prove her fidelity by great sacrifices."

"It may be so," said the superioress; "but I cannot induce myself to let her make her vows for more than a year."*

"She will renew them, I am certain," said the novice mistress.

"And what shall we do with her?" said the superior; "to what employment shall we send her? Her talents and her education could make her very useful; but she is too sad to be employed in teaching. You know, sisters, what St. Teresa has said of the melancholy."

"I think," said Sister St. Michael, "that if you employ this poor child in the infirmary among our aged sisters, and if for some years you will keep her under your own eye, you will be satisfied."

"She has an excellent advocate," said the superior, smiling. "You will answer for her, Sister St. Michael."

"Yes; I have confidence in her!"

V.

Ten months had passed since Camilla had made her vows, and she had begun to lead a more active life. Her beautiful voice, once so much admired in the world, was now employed in the choir, to the delight of the sisters. She gave some of the novices lessons in languages and history; but her principal employment was in the infirmary among the sick and infirm sisters; and there her tenderness and compassion was satisfied. When, however, she was first appointed to this office, she said in confidence to Sister St. Michael, "I should like to have been sent to a military hospital among the poor wounded soldiers."

"O no, my child; that office would not have been good for you: your thoughts ought to be for the future entirely consecrated to that Spouse who loves us with a jealous love."

"Yes, I wish to love Him also," she cried; "my whole will is His now; but sometimes I think"—

Here she broke off; and a few hours afterwards she came to accuse herself for what she had said, as a fault. However, religion, deeds of mercy, and obedience were working a salutary effect in her mind.

Her sorrow was becoming gravity; a serene expression appeared on her once suffering face, and in the eyes which used to be so constantly red with weeping.

She prepared herself to renew her vows at the end of the year.

One day, when she had finished reading to her invalids, she was told her aunt was waiting for her in the parlor. There was nothing surprising in this, because she always did come to see her every three months; but she was astonished at the animated face of Madame Lagrange, who ran to her with open arms.

"Dear aunt, you are very well, I see," said Sister Mary; "your face tells me that. How is dear uncle, and Clemence, and the children? How good it is of you to come and see me!"

* The obligations of vows differ in different orders. Where perpetual vows are taken it is the custom sometimes to let novices take vows for short periods at first, and afterwards for life. In orders where the vows are but annual, novices are not admitted to them except with the intention of remaining for life.

Madame Lagrange did not answer; but she looked at Camilla in a strange agitated way.

"Do you believe," said she at last, "in the power of God?"

"Certainly I believe in it."

"Well, then, adore and bless God. Albert lives; he is returned."

Camilla heard no more, and fainted away. When she recovered, she exclaimed, "Albert is come back to us!—is it possible? By what miracle?"

"He was only wounded; the Arabs bore him away, and he has been a prisoner for four years, poor fellow."

"He has come back,—he lives!" repeated Camilla, as if to assure herself of the truth.

"And is waiting for you," said her aunt. "You went into the convent because you thought him dead, poor child. Now you will come back to us; you will be his happy wife; you will never leave us again."

Camilla's pale cheeks had become crimson.

"O aunt," said she, "that is not possible; how can I"—

"Why not, my child? Albert wanted to come here with me; but I would not let him, for it would not look nice. If you could only have seen his disappointment at not finding you at home, and how pleased he was at hearing of this proof of your fidelity to him! But he will tell you all that himself soon."

Camilla looked as if she were dreaming. She smiled and wept together, and kept kissing her crucifix.

"Dear child," said her aunt, "I am going to the superior to tell her all this. I hope she will let you go away with me this evening. And to-morrow your uncle will go to the Bishop to ask for a dispensation from your vows."

These words woke up Camilla. "No, aunt," she said eagerly; "I am only bound for two months; let me pass them here in this holy house, where I have been treated with so much goodness. I will prepare myself here for another destiny, if God permit—if He wills it."

Gentle Madame Lagrange grew very angry, and tried first by scolding, then by entreaties, to break Camilla's resolution; but in vain.

"God knows that I love you," she said, "and that I should be happy to be with Albert again; but I feel I owe this much of gratitude to God, and that I shall not draw down His blessings on me if I act otherwise."

"O child," said her aunt, as she left her, after another hour's discussion, "will you ever be mine? and what will Albert say when he does not see you with me?"

Camilla, filled with inexpressible joy, ran to the chapel, and falling prostrate on the marble floor in adoration before God, who had given Albert back again, ardent prayers and warm thanksgivings poured forth from her lips. Already she saw a prospect of future happiness; she fancied herself far beyond the walls within which she had mourned and wept so bitterly; but faithful to the sense of duty and the obligation of her vows, she offered the next two months which must pass before she was free, to God, as a sort of ransom for so much happiness.

Full of these new ideas, she went to Sister St. Michael and told her what had happened.

"You will leave us then?" said the sister sorrowfully. "You will leave God for a creature? You will endanger your salvation?"

These words cast a new light into Camilla's mind. She had made the sacrifice of immediate happiness generously; but then it had appeared to her that this act of abnegation once accomplished, a blissful future was before her; and now the voice of her dearest friend —the voice that had so often con-

soled her—made her doubt whether she was right. That doubt pursued her to the altar; it followed her everywhere night and day, and a battle had begun in her soul. Natural feelings drew her towards that pure and ardent affection for the companion of her childhood, and who had once made the happiness of her life. She saw the forms that she had so fondly loved holding out their hands and crying, "Come to us! We can give happiness, and innocent happiness."

On the other hand, all that she had read and learnt of the value of religious life came before her mind. She thought of the engagement she had made at the foot of the altar with the faithful Spouse of souls; she thought of the happiness she had found in religion and in penance; of the merit of a life consecrated to good works; of the splendor of the virginal crown; of the brevity of human joy and felicity. Then the thought of Albert returned. Did he not count on her after his long sufferings? Could she disappoint his expectation? And Jesus said to her from the tabernacle, "What have I done that you should leave Me? Cast your cares into My heart; I will be Myself thy peace, and the happiness of those thou lovest."

Her struggling soul could find no rest; and the advice she received, whatever it was, only distressed and perplexed her. Six weeks of this struggle passed by. A fortnight only remained before the renovation of vows, and she was still undecided; still her soul fluctuated from one side to the other, neither able to embrace happiness or heroism, to make a choice between earth and heaven.

She still faithfully followed the rule, and one day was called with the rest to hear a conference from Mother St. Flavian. After giving the sisters a short instruction on charity, the superioress said, "Dear sisters, a violent and infectious fever has broken out among the galley-slaves at Rochefort. Our hospital sisters there need help; which among you will go to their assistance?"

A great number of sisters arose, and the most prompt of all was Camilla. She was accepted. The love of sacrifice seized on her heart, and decided her choice, and it was by the offering of her own life that she sealed another contract with Jesus Christ.

VI.

The fever was terrible, and the fatigue great; but the strongest sisters, and those most accustomed to similar scenes envied the courage and strength of Mary of the Cross. A superhuman strength seemed to be hers; and she labored night and day in this terrible place, where the clank of the irons mingled with the groans of agony. She cared for the body, and often saved life; but above all she saved souls, for the most rebellious hearts, which crime had driven into despair or doubt, could not resist her voice and her charity. The young, sorrowful, and timid girl became an apostle; and when she brought the priest to the bedside of the dying, these ruffians as they had been, listened humbly, confessed, and were absolved.

In a few days the harvest was great; but she lay down among the sheaves she had reaped, and did not rise again. She caught the fever, and from the beginning knew she would die. Then her sisters remarked the celestial joy which lit up her face, and seemed to fill her soul. She was like a person relieved of a heavy burden, and who was going on gaily to a happy resting-place.

The reception of the Sacraments increased her joy; and before receiving the Viaticum she raised her voice, and renewed her vows, ac-

cording to her confessor's permission.

"I am safe now," she said in a low voice. "O my God, take me, call me! Come, divine Jesus, come!"

She died the same night; and in her prayer-book was found a letter for her aunt, written immediately after her arrival at Rochefort:

"Pardon me, you who have loved me so much, and whom I have so loved also. I have given away a life on which you set much store; but a reason greater than any on earth draws me to do it. I could not resist it; a celestial voice calls me, and I cannot disobey. Something tells me I shall die here; I shall die loving you all; and when I am in heaven, O, how I shall pray for you! And time, which passes so quickly, will bring you all to where we shall never more be parted. Adieu, my father! Adieu, my mother! Adieu, my brother Albert! Be not sad because of me; be not angry with me. When God calls a soul, she can no more resist Him than the little bird can the eagle swooping from the clouds. I had given my will to God; He has disposed of it. Above all, do not mourn, dear ones; we shall meet again. Let us love God!—let us love God!"

PIUS IX, AS MAN, PONTIFF, AND KING.

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF LA SALLE COLLEGE, AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JUNE 19TH, 1873.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My theme is not a new one. By able and judicious judges and critics has its subject been reviewed. If then I must apologize for assuming to speak of the noble Pontiff-king, whose anniversary the Catholic world now proclaims, let my apology be that I wish to join my feeble effort to that of the thousands who announce to-night the universal benediction in which the memory of the just shall be held.

Who is a true man? What are the attributes constituting this third person in the trinity of spirits? Ladies and gentlemen, were we to look the world over, consult the private as well as the public record of all the marked individuals of the age, we should find in none more of those traits which go to make up the character of the true man, as the Christian world understands him, than in the noble descendant of the Ferretti family, whose name is the subject of our praises to-night.

The true man must have had his heart formed to appreciate all that is true, beautiful, and good; his mind must have been tempered in the school of experience; his affections directed to the pursuit of the most worthy objects; his hand taught to open to relieve; his eyes to look upon the distress of his neighbor; the true man has his principles fixed on the higher law, while his conduct must speak in its actions the practical nature of his convictions. Under these aspects, Mastai was a man in the fulness of the term. In the early

training received from his mother, he learned that God alone is truth and every man a liar. To him, one of the most beautiful sights upon which angels or men could gaze was that of the Church battling against the strong arm of usurpation; and with this continued observation of the struggles of the Church grew within him this determination of character, teaching him that a true man, pontiff or king, must learn this golden rule,—first to God what belongs to God, and then to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar.

His heart yearned to see good everywhere predominant; his soul loved justice, detested iniquity. Even in his early years he had prayed that the faith of the pontiff might fail not, while in his deep studies and prolonged vigils he was unconsciously paving his own way to the triple crown which now decorates his brow.

His affections directed themselves towards the pursuit of what was most noble in the various careers offered him by his talents and his influence. Neither the din of revolution nor the false cry of impiety could prevent his embracing the life to which he felt himself called. Nor did he, once he had embraced the ecclesiastical state, ever think of retracing his steps; the terrors of an incurable malady were not sufficient to deter him; everything disappeared before that will which had even in this early stage learned to say, when looking back after having put the hand to the plough—*non possumus*.

And when once the goal of the priesthood had been reached, did our young athlete rest on his arms? was he satisfied that his name had been honorably inscribed on the roll of his Alma Mater? did he for a moment think that his days of study were at an end? Far from this; he felt that his days of labor had only begun. The hours which did not find him engaged in study in the offices attached to his state, were spent in the haunts of misery, the homes of distress. To him were confided the parting messages of the dying in the public hospitals; into his ear was poured the cry of repentance of returning Magdalens; all who were in distress knew him to be their father; sinners who desired to return consulted him as their guide; and the seal of public confidence was placed upon his brow, when his energy, already known in the Old World, was tested in the wilds of the New.

Such were the qualifications of head and heart which prepared the Abbé Mastai for the responsibilities of the mitre. A lover of study himself, one of his first cares was to nurture the love of study among his clergy. A lover of the poor, asylums sprung up in all portions of his diocese. A lover of peace and a forgiver of injuries, he interceded for those who had sought refuge, the arms still in their hands, at the foot of his episcopal throne.

The father of his people, these loved him with the affection of children. Nothing could have induced the Bishop of Imola to leave his children, were it not that in the voice of the Cardinals in the Conclave of June, 1846, he recognized that of God calling him to be, instead of the pastor of one city or one people, the father of the Christian world—the heir of Peter—the representative of Him who spent himself for His people.

Could the Roman College have made a better choice? Let the verdict of history decide; let the actions of Pius IX say whether the electors were deceived in the estimate they had placed upon the character of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti.

If our enthusiasm is enkindled while considering him as man, what shall be said of him as the

glorious pontiff, known the world over as Pius IX? By what standard shall we compare him to his predecessors? In the reign of what other pontiff did such great occurrences find their completion? Under whose guardianship has the Church achieved more triumphs, greater victories? To enter into the shortest possible investigation of the merits of Pius IX as a pontiff would carry us far beyond prescribed limits, and still, can we pass over in silence, can we refuse to look for a moment across the threshold of that pontificate filled with historic recollections, grand in themselves, great in their consequences, glorious to the memory of the pontiff under whose reign they have happened? As a pontiff Pius IX has given the greatest proofs of nobility of soul; he found the Church as a divine institution threatened on all sides by the spread of infidelity; he found so-called philosophers disposed to deny the agency of a Redeemer; and how did he counteract so vile an influence? Did he call upon his theologians, the learned in the Church, to defend the flock against the invader? No; his tactics were of a higher order. He chose for his defender and the shield of the Church, Mary, the Mother of God. Neither did he wait till prosperity had dawned upon him to declare Mary immaculate; from his retreat where perfidious Italians had forced him to seek shelter, he called upon the Christian world to say that Mary was and had always been immaculate. Forgetting his personal sorrows, he thought of those of the Church. In placing Mary, as it were, under obligations to the Church for this new honor, His Holiness felt that she could not fail to look with renewed earnestness on the wants of the united Catholic world, which with one voice declared their belief in the divinity of Christ by acknowledging the prerogatives found in her who was chosen to be His mother.

The world which unwittingly taunts the Church with loving ignorance can scarcely be acquainted with the history of Pius IX. Among his first cares was his solicitude that study, deep and prolonged, should be a favorite occupation of the religious orders. His circular letters to this effect speak in no uncertain tones his conviction that knowledge is power. If the Church be opposed to learning, why has the Holy Father constantly surrounded himself with learned men from all countries? How happens it that discoveries are being constantly made, not by the proclaimers of liberty, equality, and fraternity, but by men who, at this hour, thanks to these apostles of "new liberty," scarce dare venture to appear in the seat of Christendom as professing Christians. What a proof that the Church fears knowledge when cardinals elect as Pope one who is the declared friend of science!

It is, perhaps, a source of regret that the Pope should be forced to live on the voluntary donations of his children throughout the world, but what could be a grander proof of his universal popularity than the numbers, the nature, and the value of the amounts offered him. America, busy as she is with her railroads and telegraphs, has time to think of the prisoner in the Vatican; France, with one of the greatest burdens ever placed on the shoulders of any country, still finds funds for her best friend; Spain, in the midst of a dreadful revolution, sends her greetings and her assistance to the defender of the right; Ireland and Poland, forgetting their own wrongs, present from their scanty means relief to the common father of Christians; while the children of the Celestial Empire send from the land of Confucius their mite to enable the

Sovereign Pontiff to dispense with Italian money. All these pale before the generosity of his own people; notwithstanding the dangers to which they thus expose themselves, in spite of the grinding exactions of which they are the victims from the usurpers, these faithful children of the Church proclaim by their words and their gifts the joy they will feel when they will once more be allowed to visit their churches unmolested, instruct their children in the tenets of Christianity without exposing their little ones to public insult, when the grand chorus of outpouring joy will be heard in response to the blessing Pius IX will yet give to his children after the intruder of Savoy shall have fled in despair.

As a pontiff, Pius IX has already done more than would be sufficient to place him with the greatest of his predecessors, while the glorious future which looms up before him will probably place him in advance of the greater number of them.

To him it has been given to pronounce upon a greater number of doctrinal points, to issue a greater number of official documents bearing on the most vital questions to society. And to send forth some of these Encyclicals, what moral courage has the Pontiff not required? To face the opposition of a city or even a district is often more than statesmen venture, while Pius IX, time and again, has manfully proclaimed the cause of justice in the very teeth of howling opponents.

Above all, has he never ceased to proclaim that the Church, being responsible to God for the salvation of her children, is entitled, is bound, to instruct her youth in the science of faith. Unceasingly does he proclaim that the Church, and not the State, is the mistress of education. He does not claim the exclusive right to teach her sons and daughters temporal science, but he does insist that whatever the world may teach, the science of religion must not only be untouched in its dogmas, but insists that it shall be taught her children. No question of greater moment occupies the attention of the Pontiff, and we venture to assert that no victory is so dear to his heart as that which Pius IX seeks to obtain for the Church in the domain of education. Could he do otherwise and fulfil the command, Go *teach* all nations? Go not only to preach to all nations, but *teach* them, and teach them what? All things whatsoever I have commanded. It takes a long time for states and countries to learn wisdom; but if the lessons of history were heeded by the Italians of the day, they would learn that no wiser guide could be taken, even in the sphere of pure politics, than the helmsman in the bark of Peter. While Pius IX has done so much for doctrine in the Church, he has likewise added to her lists of saints some of the brightest names which adorn her annals. Time and again has Rome blazoned with the pageant of canonization of saints, and he is not yet satisfied. As a student of La Salle College, I here give expression to the fond hope that soon the voice of Peter's successor will proclaim the Abbé de La Salle worthy the veneration of the faithful as he is already the recipient of the honor of the entire world. We hope the dawn is approaching of that day in which the true friend of faith may be placed upon our altars, to proclaim anew the interest Pius IX feels in the cause of Christian education.

In every part of the Church has progress been the order of the day. Religious orders in great numbers have been added to the workers in the Church, and the Pope has constantly cherished these additions to his faithful assistants. He not only encourages the new, but endeavors to preserve the older organizations.

Witness his repeated marks of approbation bestowed upon those faithful sons of the Church, the members of the Society of Jesus.

No sooner is an order of men or any individual the object of persecution than Pius IX declares himself their defender. Examples too numerous to mention must recur to your own memories.

What shall we say of the last grand act of the sovereign pontiff, the assembling of the Council of the Vatican? Would it not seem that he had foreseen the terrible struggles which the Church was about to enter in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere? What rare prescience thus to show the combined and united strength of the Church to the world, at a moment when hell was to let loose its legions against her. We are not speaking for those outside the Church, and we must not be expected for the present to take cognizance of their objections. Let us look at the single question of infallibility. By a strange reversion of feeling all the mentors of the press throughout the world took to advising the Holy Father. They were so interested in the welfare of the Church, to desire that none of its modern movements should be in opposition to the march of progress. It was more amusing than astonishing to see the followers of Luther, the disciples of Calvin, the admirers of Tom Paine, and the Prophet of Plymouth, all united in one voice, protesting that they hoped Pius IX would not destroy the prospects of the Church by so suicidal an act as that of allowing his infallibility to be declared an article of faith. What greater evidence of the propriety of such a judgment than the feigned advice of these agents of the prince of darkness. Have not the events of the past year justified the wisdom of the minds which presided at the sessions of the Council of the Vatican? What is the great evil of the day in religious societies? Is it not the tendency to reject all authority because they may not agree with the pet notions of theorists? What better balm for this wound of self-conceit than the grand dogma which proclaims the successor of him "whom faith failed not and who confirmed his brethren," when speaking as pontiff, infallible, in matters of faith? The philosophers of the day tell us that such a doctrine is declared by all the world-wise absurd. We accept their verdict, but rest at ease under the conviction that "the wisdom of the world is folly with God." While adverting to the press, it would be unjust to refuse a certain meed of praise to the managers of the Associated Press despatches. They seem determined to give us a funeral. We are astonished that the New York *Herald*, which seems gifted with a sort of omnipresence through its agents, who make their way into the harem, the camp, and the cabinet, does not send some one who will save us the trouble of reading in one line that the Pope is reported dangerously ill, and in the next that he had in the same day received a large delegation of pilgrims. Having found means to tell us the condition of the African explorer, they can scarcely be unable to tell us something correct about the prisoner in the Vatican. There must be some secret anxiety in the world which thus follows every phase of the pontiff's real or supposed illness. It is a feeling of anxiety lest the grand old warrior should live to see his enemies put to flight. It is well known that Catholics believe with a firmness they cannot even explain to themselves, that the present gloriously reigning pontiff will outlive all the machinations of his enemies, and it is this feeling, this conviction which the newsvenders seek to disturb. We linger with love on the charac-

teristics of Pius IX as pontiff, and still the time I have already occupied, and the portion of my effort yet untouched, warn me that we must leave the pontiff to consider the king. This last portion, though abounding in questions of the deepest interest, I must pass over in a very cursory manner.

The object of government should be for the benefit of the governed. This benefit must receive its inspiration from the idea of justice. And is not this sense of justice diametrically opposed to the wire-pulling and trickery which have in our day drawn disgrace on the term politics? Justice being a part of religion, must be one with it. The Pope, even our enemies admit, represents that form of doctrine which best protects the ends of justice. He is the head of that church which established the general principles of law and equity which guide even our modern courts, and which during the past seven centuries have proved the wisdom of the framers. Is the Pope not then to be heard in the political world, where justice impartial must be the pivot upon which the happiness of mankind will turn? And were it not well to perpetuate the Papacy, even as a human institution? When the voice of adulation takes the place of the thunders of execration, how well to have one Prince-Pontiff who fears not to say in the midst of the crowned wolves he keeps at bay, *Non possumus* — We cannot, we should not, we will not. My triple crown, the figure of the triple sense of justice, prudence, and fortitude, which direct my decisions, must not, cannot, and will not be raised to do homage to the whims of the prince or the ukase of the monarch. How often has not the Pontiff-King saved Europe from the barbarian's grasp! Should not gratitude require from the successors of the rescued a return, in the preservation of the preserver? Let it be borne in mind that while the Pope dies, the popedom never ceases to exist. What the world owed to Leo, it owes to Pius IX. What it owed to Pius V, it owes to his successors. What reason have we to complain if the French undertake to protect them? Is it not rather the duty of the entire world to send its arms and its means to support an institution which has been instrumental in preserving civilization?

If from the discussion of principle we descend to the investigation of results, we shall find that under no princes has Rome made more progress, or as much, as under the Popes. Even five years ago, highwaymen, about whom our correspondent gave such dreadful accounts, hid themselves in the recesses of the mountain districts. To-day they have been dislodged. True, but they have taken up more comfortable quarters. They are now lodged in the Eternal City and there engaged in the work appointed them by the intruders. We have ceased to hear reports of robberies, murders, &c., in the rural districts. These are now accomplished under the eye and probably with the sanction of the men of blood who rule the hour. Pius IX, a king, may not have housed his horses as well as Victor Emmanuel, but he was more careful of the poor. He had not perhaps such fine entertainments for his court, but he had fewer hungry and thirsty in his dominions. In one word, where the prince was to be benefited, there will the change be found under the new order of things; while in every respect the poor, the needy are more destitute. Will any one think of comparing the encouragement given to every species of literary and artistic enterprise with the vandalism displayed by the new rulers, whose hatred of everything ancient and

venerable is on a par with their ignorance of all that is Christian? Do we ever hear of any rare book brought out under the auspices of the liberators? Any curious piece of ancient relics brought to light? No, ladies and gentlemen, the "new lights" have been too busily engaged examining the coffers of the monks and priests—they have been too anxiously occupied taking inventories of the hidden treasures of convents, to think of less practical work.

This is an age of progress—the Italian leaders believe firmly in Cæsar having what belongs to Cæsar.

What liberty do we prize more than that of the press? Precisely is this the privilege stoutly denied any save the revolutionary party in Italy. Under Pius IX as king, only immoral publications were forbidden all appearance in the Eternal City. Now anything and everything which may lower morality or nourish hatred to religion is received with open approbation by the rulers of the hour. Can we possibly wish to see perpetuated a form of government which openly encourages spoliation of personal property, neglects morality, and denies legal freedom to the press? Yet such is the nature of the present government in Rome.

How different from this the conduct of Pius IX! Take the leading events of his life as king, and we will find them a direct contradiction of the irresponsible actions of the new king. On entering upon his duties as prince, he releases those who had been found with arms in hand under his predecessor; while the first act of the new government was to imprison or banish those who even dared to speak against them.

He is driven from his throne, and forced to seek refuge away from his rightful domain, and only returns when constrained by the united voice of a liberated people; and scarcely had he re-established his authority, when active agencies are brought to work to dethrone him anew. They enter Rome, but to do so are forced to batter down the walls defended by men who we are asked to believe looked forward to the invaders as to redeemers. Since the advent of the usurpers, they have heaped every sort of insult on the Holy Father. If you will, they sought to bribe him by the offer of an endowment. Could we expect any honorable father, while detained in close quarters, to accept a proffered indemnity, the greater part of which he was aware had been stolen from his own children? The religious of all orders are the children of the Holy Father. From these have the Italian government stolen the money which they desired the Pope to accept for his subsistence.

There can be no truce between right and wrong. Till these opposing elements can be made agree, no compromise can be made between the Pope and his persecutors.

To conclude, let Catholics trust to the experience taught by history.

For our part, we are persuaded that no monarch whose claims are of mushroom growth shall ever hold permanent sway of the City of the Cæsars. If history be true, the day cannot be far distant which will hear Pius IX proclaimed not only as the man who deserves to rule, the pontiff who loves his people, but likewise the king who governs them.

O Pontiff great! O Pius good!
Majestic now in solitude,
Like some huge tower thou hast stood
Unmoved 'mid storms that rolled!
Whilst weaker structures, formed of clay,
Fell earthward from the truth away—
Thy faith in persecution's day
Looms up like burnished gold.

MY LANDLADY'S PORTRAIT.

"THEY are a great deal cheaper than the others, my dear, and ten times more comfortable. I told you I should know how to manage," said my wife, speaking in a tone of triumph, while a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I started at the voice, for at that moment I had entirely forgotten the fact that I had left my wife looking at lodgings by herself; and, as I sat on the beach, with the setting sun full in my eyes, was wondering by what possible combination of scarlets and yellows, Turner could have managed to represent the peculiar gleam of light which for a moment crowned the top of each wave successively just before it reached the broad pathway of gold thrown by the sun across the water. I had been looking at the scene before me just long enough to feel inclined to be enthusiastic about its beauty; and I therefore called my wife's attention to it with some energy.

"Beautiful!" she replied, letting her eyes wander absently from the gently-moving waters of the bay, to the slowly-floating clouds overhead. "There are such pretty curtains and carpets in them, Frank! and O, such a dear little coal-scuttle!"

At any other time Bessie's admiration of the sunset would have been quite equal to my own, but now it was clear that her soul was bent on more important matters. Enthusiasm for the little coal-scuttle, however, lighted up her face, quite as becomingly as any amount of admiration for the beauty of the sea could have done; and as I was getting rather cold, I found my interest in the merits of that article, as well as in those of the rooms my wife had taken, increasing from moment to moment. So taking her arm in mine, I turned my back on the beach, and we began to climb the somewhat steep ascent that lay before us; Bessie detailing to me as we went along her experiences, since, at her own request, I had left her to settle the important question of our future quarters by herself.

"Women can always manage these things so much better than men," she said at the conclusion of her story with a modest air of capability and *savoir-faire* which might have provoked a smile from an older housekeeper who had chanced to be aware of the fact that Bessie was barely seventeen, and that her married life had been but of three weeks' duration, but which filled me, who was only four years her senior, with a feeling of unbounded respect for his business talents and powers of management. The lodgings, it cannot be denied, were very nice lodgings, "replete" (as the landlady remarked) "with every accommodation."

There was a chiffonier, the sight of which gave us quite a home-like feeling immediately, when we observed that by a curious coincidence it was of exactly the same size and pattern as the one that we had left at our last lodgings, and, stranger still, when we opened it to examine with interest the one shelf it contained, we were greeted with the same odor of mingled tea, coffee, sherry, seed-cake, and brown sugar which the experiences of the last three weeks had made so familiar to our noses.

The upper part of this chiffonier consisted of a mirror, the first glance into which put an end to the self-complacency which Bessie and I had been used to feel upon looking into the glass; for we were rather

mortified to perceive that our left eyes had increased to nearly three times the size of our right, and that our other features shared this alarming irregularity. Time, however, will reconcile one to most things, and after a day or two we got used to these little deformities. The mirror was surmounted by a ledge about two inches wide, and on this ledge stood three ornamental flower-vases (*vorses* I think our landlady called them), one big one and two little ones, on which were depicted wreaths of blue roses and crimson violets on a bluish-white ground. I think those vases must have had a presentiment of the fate which ultimately befell two of them, for they trembled on their narrow perch whenever we crossed the room.

There was also a table with a red and black cloth, and an inkstand in the middle with no ink in it; and a little round table in the window, which seemed incapable of serving any other purpose than that of supporting the weight of a huge fluffy mat, with which it was adorned.

Besides this there was an easy chair with a crochet coverlet which I was in the habit of unconsciously wearing attached to a button of my coat; and a small green sofa which looked comfortable and inviting in the extreme, but which after one or two experiments we both abjured, Bessie pronouncing that it would "do very well for callers."

Such was the dining-room, drawing-room, store-room, cellar, studio, and boudoir that we occupied at Mrs. Pink's. Surely with Bessie for my companion, and dwelling thus amidst "every accommodation," I ought to have been the happiest of men; and so I was in every respect but one. They say that even the happiest of men has always some crook in his lot, some skeleton in his cupboard. Mine was my *my landlady's portrait.* But that is scarcely the right term to use. My landlady's portrait was, I regret to say, *not* in the cupboard, but over the chimney-piece, nor can it exactly be described as the portrait of a skeleton. I think I shall speak more correctly if I say that my "rock ahead in life" was my landlady's portrait.

Under the influence of Bessie's taste and simple contrivances, or even, as it sometimes seemed to me, merely from her own presence in it, the room gradually lost its air of comfortless arrangement and general stiffness of aspect. I could sit at my painting in the window, without feeling, every time I raised my eyes from my work and glanced across the room, as if every bit of color in it was ill-assorted and out of place; as if all my visions of harmonious composition and pure coloring were put to flight the moment I lifted my head.

I could contemplate from my corner a small triangular bit of blue sea, to be seen between two tall houses on the opposite side of the way; and when I was tired of this, I could watch the sun bringing out golden lights on Bessie's hair, as she sat opposite me in the window, with much inward satisfaction and contentment. But if I invadertently raised my eyes for a moment from these objects, they were instantly caught and fixed by the round blue ones of my landlady's portrait, gazing straight into my face, with an air of innocent astonishment which was to my mind offensive and disagreeable to the last degree.

"I can't stand that picture any longer, Bessie!" cried I, shaking my fist impotently at Mrs. Pink's blandly-smiling visage. "Can't you find some means of getting rid of it, as you have managed to do with various other abominations?"

Bessie shook her head doubtfully.

"Really, Frank, I don't know how she would take it. I had trouble enough to get rid of that blue and green concoction in the fireplace;

she admired it so much. I was obliged to say that you were so absent, that I was afraid some day when you felt cold, you would tear it up to light the fire, and use what remained as a kettleholder."

"I give you free leave to make whatever explanation you like of my eccentricities, Bessie, in the present instance. Couldn't you say that it reminds me so touchingly of a deceased great-aunt, that it quite overcomes me whenever I look at it?"

"I am afraid that would hardly be flattering enough to soften her, Frank. You have no idea in what admiration she holds it. She told me the other day—don't be angry, Frank—that you were such a nice *industrious* young gentleman, that she shouldn't wonder, provided you went on working hard and taking pains, if you some day painted a picture as good as that one."

The *industrious* young gentleman showed his appreciation of this encomium by throwing his paint-brush with a most just aim, exactly at the middle of the picture in question, where it alighted full on the point of the fair Mrs. Pink's aquiline nose, leaving thereon, as it fell, a long streak of vivid cobalt, which materially added to her charms.

Poor Bessie! How round with horror grew her eyes when our landlady's tap was heard at the door, just as I had mounted on a chair in order to repair the mischief with a sponge; and what a reproachful glance she shot at me as she ran away to hold the unconscious Mrs. Pink in parley on the stairs till the danger was over.

But let it not be supposed that our landlady's portrait alone adorned our walls. No, indeed; our little sitting-room was a second Louvre on a small scale, for Mrs. Pink was a lover of art. "Pictures," she said, made a room look "busy." There were feeble engravings, mostly of Charles I in various situations more or less tragic. Now, that hapless monarch might be seen with very long hair, and very big boots of course, standing with an expression of bland and vapid indifference before a large concourse of people, all equally bland and vapid, in the midst of whom, on a raised platform, was a gentleman, also in very big boots but with short hair, who seemed to bear a strong family likeness to every one else in the picture. Now, the august captive (still devoid of emotion of any kind) offered his head listlessly to the axe of an executioner apparently twin-brother to his victim.

There were colored prints, too, of little girls, with heads inclined to the right, embracing affected looking lambs; and little boys with heads to the left, clasping to their hearts Newfoundland dogs, with coats as regularly marked with black and white as the squares of a chess-board. All these would in any other circumstances sorely have afflicted my fastidious eye; but the relief they afforded me in those days, the respect with which I came at last to regard even Charles I's execution, nobody can conceive who has not seen my landlady's portrait.

I was engaged at that time in making studies of the heads of Minna and Brenda, for a grand picture that I contemplated, the subject of which was to be a scene from *The Pirate*. With Brenda I succeeded satisfactorily enough—Bessie was my model; but for Minna I trusted entirely to my imagination. And many a time as the form of that stately, pensive maiden began to appear more and more distinctly before my mind's eye, my bodily eye would rest suddenly upon the countenance of my landlady, radiant beneath her little black curls and green cap-ribbons; the fringe and gilt buttons of her magenta gown, as well as the many-colored stones in her brooch and

rings, being painted with most pre-Raphaelite minuteness.

On these occasions nothing but a long stroll with Bessie on the seashore would suffice to calm the exasperation of my temper. At meals, by the advice of Bessie, who observed with anxiety that my appetite was daily diminishing, I tried sitting with my back to the obnoxious object; but in vain: there was my landlady's portrait in the glass of the chiffonier, opposite, beaming upon me as benignantly as ever. Human nature at length could endure this no longer. I leaped upon a chair, and in a luckless moment was discovered by Mrs. Pink herself in the act of veiling her pictured features with my constant adherent, the crochet antimacassar! At this appalling sight it is not surprising that my landlady's face should have become almost the color of the magenta gown, while Bessie, turning rather white, retreated behind the easy-chair. I, however, with courage rising to the emergency, stepped lightly to the ground, and with a most deferential bow to Mrs. Pink, explained that beautiful as was the picture in itself, and talented as must be the painter that produced it, yet it came so far short of the original that it quite distressed me to look at it, and that I therefore felt constrained to veil it from my sight. This compliment gained me my landlady's heart, and cost me—but I anticipate.

One afternoon Bessie and I, returning from a stroll on the sands, were met on the staircase by Mrs. Pink, with a card in her hand and triumph in her eyes.

"There's a gentleman been here. 'Tis a pity you should have missed him; but I've done the best as ever I could for you," and Mrs. Pink nodded patronizingly, first at Bessie and then at me.

I glanced at the card and recognized the name as that of a gentleman with whom I had a very slight personal acquaintance, but who was known to me by reputation as a very rich man, with a passion for art, and especially that particular branch of art to which I was myself devoted.

Here was an opportunity! Of course he would buy my picture of Minna and Brenda directly it was finished, and perhaps he would take a fancy to my little study of Bessie sitting spinning at her door in the character of Enoch Arden's faithless Annie; or how probable that he would fall in love with the water-color drawing of the same young lady walking barefoot into England as Jeannie Deans. My castles in the air had reached a tremendous height before I heard my landlady repeating with a still more complacent face and manner, "I've done my best, sir."

"I am sure you have, Mrs. Pink," said Bessie, kindly, "but how?"

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Pink, "I showed the gentleman into your room, where he said he would wait for you, and I seed him a-looking about at your drawing things, and more pertikler at my likeness."

"'All these by my friend, are they?' says he.

"'Ah, yes, sir,' says I, 'everything you see is his.'

"'Not this portrait?' says he, stopping before my pictur'. (Here my castle shook on its foundations fearfully.)

"'Ah, sir,' says I, 'I don't wonder you're surprised, he being so young, and that being such a fine work; but he's the most cleverest young gentleman, and the best lodger I ever had.'"

My castle fell to the ground with a crash, and buried me, metaphorically speaking, under its ruins.

"Almost directly after that," concluded Mrs. Pink, "he said he

had an engagement, and could not stay to see you."

"But he left his address?" I asked, trying with a trembling hand to construct another castle out of the ruins of the former one.

"No," said Mrs. Pink, shaking her head, "but he said he would call again."

Need I say that he never did call again? Need I say that when I discovered his address, and returned his call with a view of explaining matters, I found that he had left the place, leaving no clue to his whereabous, having evidently fled the neighborhood of the painter of my landlady's portrait.

Soon after this, Bessie and I bade good-by to Mrs. Pink, who seemed scarcely satisfied with the many plausible reasons that we gave for the sad necessity of immediate departure, and took leave of us with tears in her eyes.

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As I was scribbling the last words of the above lines, I was interrupted by a tap at the door of my studio, and the servant entered the room with a letter directed to me in a strange handwriting. This I opened with some curiosity, which was changed to a feeling of mingled astonishment and dismay, when I read a notice of the death of Mrs. Pink, of 40 C—— Road, B——; and an announcement that bequeathed to me in her last will and testament was a certain oil painting, which should be forwarded to me immediately.

"There is a big parcel in the hall, sir, just come by rail," said the man, as I laid down the letter with a foreboding shiver.

"We will go down and unpack it, John," said I, resolutely, and strode down into the hall, where Bessie and the children were crowded round a huge packing-case, which they were examining with great excitement.

John undid the strings, unbound one by one the numerous wrappings in which it was swathed, and —exposed to view, brilliant and blooming as ever, the never-to-be-forgotten features of My Landlady's Portrait!

A BACHELOR'S VIEW OF CHEERFULNESS.

I DON'T like cheerful people. Now, don't misunderstand me, respectable reader; I don't mean for a moment to insinuate that I'm right: on the contrary, I think it very possible, nay, probable, that I'm wrong. It is not my desire to convert you to my way of estimating worthy persons; I only feel called upon to make a confession. The doctor says it's my liver. I dare say it is. I've had a liver, I regret to state, for a great many years, and it has accounted for a great many peculiarities; among which not the least is an unconquerable aversion for cheerful people. They would be very good for me, I dare say, but I don't like the look of them. I feel towards them as I do towards parsnips. Parsnips, I've been told, are very wholesome food, and I ought to eat them whenever I have an opportunity, but I can't: they have to me the appearance of carrots in a bad state of health. If I am to eat carrots, let them be of a healthy red, I say; but don't set before me carrots of a pallid hue, and bid me devour them under the name of parsnips. And then there are oysters: I will

not go so far out of the track of truth as to say that I never eat oysters: I have eaten them in all shapes; but I declare I never liked them, and I don't like them now, and I don't think I ever shall like them. I never eat them without shutting my eyes, for indeed I cannot bear the look of them. So it is with cheerful people. I take them in the way of business, or of sociality, but there is to me something inexpressibly repulsive in their appearance. It may be they can't help it, but it is my private opinion that they can. *I* never look cheerful; why should my fellow-creatures? They have as many crosses to bear as I have, perhaps more (I hope so); and yet they will persist in looking cheerful. It's downright hypocrisy, I say. I can understand a man's being merry, and I can comprehend his being sorrowful; but cheerfulness is more than I can realize.

Perhaps I have a bad disposition: it is not at all improbable; and if I have, I can't help it, any more than Lupkins can help having a bad hat. Not so much; for my disposition is natural, and Lupkin's hat is artificial; and he might have a new hat by paying for it, and he might pay for it if he had any money, and he might have money if he'd work for it, or if some relation or friend, or even enemy (which would be an agreeable surprise), would leave him any, and he might have work if he only knew where to go for it, and at any rate he might know better than to look shabby, and be a reproach to his friends and connections, who have got on very well without him, and so why shouldn't he get on very well without them? But, as I was saying, perhaps I have a bad disposition. And, talking of dispositions, it strikes me that what is called a naturally good disposition is rated a vast deal too highly: it covers a multitude of sins; all kinds of wickedness are forgiven for the sake of the naturally good disposition. If your heart is in the right place, as the phrase goes, you may put everything else in the wrong place, if not with impunity, with a tolerable chance of being extricated and set right again; but if you have a naturally bad disposition, woe betide you. And yet I can't see how a man with a naturally good disposition is entitled to more consideration than a man with a naturally bad one; on the contrary, it seems to me that the latter has more claim to indulgence and sympathy. The former begins his game of life with—to use a phrase not unknown to billiard players—a considerable number of points in his favor; whilst the latter may be said—to borrow an expression from the interesting game of pyramids—to commence by owing two or three. There are, depend upon it, many men who struggle frightfully against a naturally bad disposition, some of whom overcome it, and deserve immortal glory, and some of whom succumb to it, and earn eternal shame; but these last merit pity and sympathy, as well as contempt.

So I say, if I have a bad disposition, I'm very sorry for it, but it is no more my fault than it is your merit, sir, that you have a fine head of hair, or an aquiline nose, or regular teeth, or a villainous trick of the eye. Besides, I'll back my disposition against yours; and yet you say you like cheerful people. Very well; then I dare say you like parsnips, and oysters, and caviare, and all sorts of things that raise my gorge to look at. You're very welcome to do so; but pray, don't expect me to do the same. Of course, I am talking only of the cheerful people that *I* have met; there may be some very agreeable persons of that persuasion amongst *your* acquaintance, honored sir, or fair madam, or supercilious miss, so recollect I am not alluding to

them. The people I mean appear to me to have made up their minds to put on a cheerful countenance always, just as you lay it down as a rule to put on gloves always: they are never more or less than cheerful: they are cheerful at weddings, and at funerals they are only just cheerful. I was once present at one of the latter (to most people) gloomy entertainments in company with one of the cheerful sect. His cheerfulness never deserted him for a second. He talked cheerfully about the weather (which, by the way, was excessively cold), and about the distress amongst the coal-whippers very cheerfully; he recounted cheerfully the number of deaths there had been from starvation, and he dilated cheerfully (nothing beyond) upon the buoyancy of the money-market; he cheerfully reminded us that "in the midst of life we are in death;" he cheerfully ate a biscuit, and cheerfully offered me one, which I declined by no means cheerfully; he drank a glass of wine and a glass of brandy very cheerfully, recommending me cheerfully to do the same (for which I could cheerfully have insulted him); and at last, when it was found that there would be some crowding in the mourning coaches, he offered, with the most touching cheerfulness and moving incongruity, to "go outside, if it would be any convenience to anybody." If it had been that man I was following to the tomb, I really believe *I* should have looked cheerful.

Then there is a man, whose name I don't know, but whom I meet in the public ways nearly every day of my life. I've never seen him laughing; I've never seen him with his teeth set, as though he had something he was determined to go through with; I've never seen him melancholy; I've never seen him gay; but he is always cheerful. Confound him, I say; why does he always look cheerful? He wears spectacles, too, to which I strongly object, for he by means of them evidently espies me at a considerable distance, and immediately surveys me cheerfully from head to foot, as though he were making a mental calculation as to how much my outfit might be worth altogether. The man has just the sort of grin I have observed on an entomologist's face when he is engaged in scrutinizing some wonderful but very insignificant-looking insect. I wish he'd take it into his head to travel. However, if he has any bowels of compassion, I hereby inform him that my doctor says he interferes with the healthy action of my liver.

Then there's Hickup: his cheerfulness must be affectation. Why, he has no digestion, no more than a wooden doll; and if it is defensible for a man with no digestion to look cheerful, then I renounce all distinctions between right and wrong. It is true he is getting on very well at the bar; but he has nothing else to make him cheerful. He's as cadaverous-looking a man as you'd see in a large hospital: he has lost nearly all his hair (from constantly wearing a wig, I suppose), and what he has is not at all of a creditable description, either in point of texture or color. He's pimply, too; and *I* should say his eyes were decidedly asquint. But just as he is, he'll sit opposite you at dinner, with his shirt-collars running into the corners of his eyes (for he eschews fashion), eating a steak, and looking cheerful. The idea of a man with no digestion eating a steak and looking cheerful! I've spoken to the proprietor of the dining-establishment upon the subject, and told him how exceedingly annoyed I am; but he only told me to mind my own business, and if I objected to gen'l'men looking cheerful over their victuals (particularly such victuals as he provided at a moderate charge), advised me to

dine elsewhere. Hickup is evidently one of those persons who think it a duty to put a cheerful face upon everything. I say it is downright acting, and not dealing honestly with your fellow-creatures. If you've good reason for being merry, be merry; if you've good reason for being miserable, be miserable. I say, if a man is miserable, he is bound, in common candor, to look so; and if he ought to feel miserable, and doesn't, but puts on a wilful expression of cheerfulness, he ought to be ashamed of himself for being so callous and indifferent to his lot, and for his contumacious resistance to the efforts which are made to render him a sadder, perhaps, but a wiser man. When a boy at school takes a caning cheerfully, doesn't the schoolmaster (and I hope you'll not gainsay the authority of a schoolmaster) immediately tax him with obstinacy and impudence, give him a double allowance, and consider that he has not done his duty until he has removed from that schoolboy's features every trace of cheerfulness? And should a man who has gone through this preliminary discipline not know better than to bear the chastisements which are inflicted upon him cheerfully? Resignedly is a very different thing. I've no particular objection to a man's looking resigned (from an artistic point of view), but I beg he'll not look cheerful. I'm told that general cheerfulness is assumed on Christian principles; if it be so, I have nothing further to say. Let me remark, however, that I have looked for the word "Cheerful" and its derivatives, but have found no passage which bears out this assertion. A "cheerful giver" is certainly commended; but the people I mean never give anything (that is, of value to themselves, and what other kind of gift is commendable?) except advice, which I must do them the justice to say they dispense with most excessive cheerfulness.

Another unchangeably cheerful person is my friend the Rev. Mr. Lewyer. I went with him upon one occasion, when he wished to purchase some branch-candlesticks, to a well-known lampseller's. The lampseller thought he had exactly the article wanted, and he proceeded to describe minutely a pair of candlesticks which he was sure Mr. Lewyer would like. Mr. Lewyer listened to the description with the most cheerful smile imaginable, interposed a few questions, made several suggestions, prolonged the conversation for about half an hour, and then serenely informed the lampseller that the article in question was "precisely what he didn't want." The lampseller, I regret to state, swore in an undertone; but Mr. Lewyer left the shop as cheerful as he had entered it, whilst I was afraid that the lampseller, seeing I had no cloth to protect me, would visit upon me the indignation with which he was red in the face. And yet I sympathized heartily with him; for nothing provokes me so much as cheerful patience.

But did you ever "spend a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends?" I did, and I spent the most wretched time that ever I did in this life. Poor Grollip was alternately the merriest and most melancholy dog you ever saw in your life, when he had the misfortune to marry (for his sins, I suppose) what they call a "cheerful little woman:" so I called upon him to condole with him, but, to my horror and astonishment, I found him beginning to look cheerful. I remonstrated with him, but without effect; and not many days afterwards, received the following note:

"Dear Sir: We are going to have a few cheerful friends to spend a quiet evening with us next Friday, and Tom desired me to write and ask you to give us the pleasure of

your society. We take tea about seven o'clock; and if you will come to us about that time, I hope I need not say how very glad we shall be to see you. Tom told me to say that he thought a little cheerful company would do you good; and I think we can promise you that. Yours very truly, FANNY GROLLIP."

It quite upset me: the number of years I had known Grollip, and that he should think cheerful company would do me good! I didn't believe it. "Mrs. Grollip," said I to myself, "you don't speak the truth, ma'am. I know what it is. You saw that I was low-spirited the other day, and you talked to Tom about it, and arranged to try whether you couldn't reduce another fellow-creature to the same state of happiness that I observed in him. But you'll not succeed with me. I'm not going to be cheerful, if I know it. Show me something ludicrous, and I'll laugh as heartily as anybody; but defend me from an equable condition of cheerfulness. I'll drink your tea, though you dispense it at the hour at which I usually dine; but if you see me cheerful, I give you leave to tell me of it." On Friday, therefore, I made for Grollip's, after much communing with myself as to the proper costume for a "quiet evening with a few cheerful friends." One of my chief objections to cheerful people is, that they don't give entertainments like other folks. When you get a note formally requesting the pleasure of your company at ten o'clock, with the word "Dancing" in the left-hand corner of the first page at the bottom, you know what to do. You clothe yourself appropriately in mourning garments, thrust your feet into uncomfortable patent-leather boots, make yourself as much like a waiter about the throat as you can, buy the cheapest possible pair of white kid gloves, and make up your mind to stand on the staircase for an hour or two, lamenting that you should ever have been born. But cheerful people write you a friendly letter, babble of green tea, and lead you to believe that you may drop in in walking-dress. It's a mercy I didn't go to Grollip's in a pair of yellow cord trowsers and a lounging coat; and I thought there was great excuse for a fellow-sufferer I observed there in a coat which was black certainly, but cut as for shooting. He was the only person besides myself who didn't look cheerful; and he soon pleaded toothache and retired. As for the other people, they stared at each other in a cheerful manner, and occasionally interchanged a cheerful remark; they drank tea and coffee cheerfully, played whist (which I hate) cheerfully, and some cheerful young ladies played and sang cheerfully. This is all certainly very cheerful, thought I; but I don't think it will do me much good. I don't know anybody here, except Mr. and Mrs. Grollip, who are engaged with their guests. I can't drink any more tea and coffee—I've had too much already. I feel very uncomfortable. I know I'm very red in the face, and I should like to slip out without attracting attention, but I can't; for though all the people are in full evening-dress, this is evidently not what is usually termed an evening-party; and if I vanish without giving notice, I shall be thought rude; and if I do give notice, Mrs. Grollip will think I don't like my entertainment, which is quite true, but not to be acknowledged. So I fell to examining the prints as carefully as though I were a line-engraver (and I'm sure I wish I was; it is profitable, I'm told); then I scrutinized my boots, congratulating myself that I had not come in my lace-up ones, with iron tips; after that I scrutinized the other men's boots, and wished I hadn't such large feet; and then I scrutinized the ladies, and wondered why

they were in ball-dresses, when they were only spending a cheerful evening. Presently our cheerful hostess proposed a quadrille. This was walked through in a cheerful manner, and so was a second, and so was a third. After this, we had some negus (which I abhor), for all cheerful people drink negus; and then I managed—by telling, I am sorry to say, something very like an untruth—to get away, and wandered homewards with my spirits at zero. My road lay over the river, and as I walked across the bridge, my despondency was such that I believe I should have thrown myself in, only I could see no one at hand to pull me out again if I did. But my motions had been watched; and just as I gained the opposite shore, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and the rough voice of a policeman said: "You've thought better of it, young man, have you? If you'd throwed yourself in, I should a took you into custody; but aperiently you ain't got the pluck to do it." "You're quite right," said I; "I haven't, so you needn't trouble yourself on my account." But I declare if anything would inspire me with courage for the deed, it is "a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends."

THE LEGEND OF SAINT FRANCES.

Santa Francesca, prest by many a care,
Her refuge sought in solitude and prayer:

In which blest state, old legends say that she
Enjoyed the presence of the angels' company.

Howe'er it be, certes, as she one day
Unto her oratory had retired to pray,

And soothe her soul with meditation's balms,
Drawn from prayer's purest founts, the holy Psalms,

Three several times by duty's summons prest,
Cheerfully she rose and answered its behest,

And thrice returning at the self-same verse
Essayed, in vain, its sweet words to rehearse.

The last time searching down the page, behold!
The oft-neglected verse rewrit in text of gold

By angel hands, this lesson teaching all:
He serves God best who answers duty's call,

And sweetly making work a prayer untold,
Gilds labor's dross with merit's purest gold.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

THE year 1780 may be regarded as the period of the greatest depression of the Catholic religion in England. The Papists, as they were contemptuously styled, were few in numbers, labored under political and social disabilities of the most formidable kind, and were regarded only with a sneering pity. The English gentry and the intelligent classes had long made up their minds that "Popery" had been effectually demolished by Barrow and Chillingworth, and that if a few respectable families still had mass celebrated in their country houses, and a few flocks in Yorkshire and Lancashire were still ministered to by priests, both priest and mass being illegal as well as superstitious, that it was only a matter of family pride which prevented their speedy extinction, and the total disappearance from England of the famous religion that had ruled that country for nine hundred years of scarcely disputed sway.

The population of England and Wales in the year 1780 was 7,000,000; the Catholics numbered only 70,000, or 1 in 100. But if the Catholics were few, that was the least of their disadvantages. To form some idea of the condition they were in, we can state that when Bishop Challoner, who was then the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, held meetings of his clergy (numbering a dozen or so), they met in an obscure public house, where each man had his pipe and mug of beer before him so as to disguise his real character!

A great preacher, Dr. Archer, delivered his discourses in a club-room; and the sacred vestments were so few that they were lent round from one priest to another.

Catholics had no writers that were read by Protestants, and Catholicity was regarded as a most degrading superstition, a system which had caused nothing but evil, and which could only deceive fools or form a convenient engine in the hands of knaves.

Need we describe the present position of Catholics in England? It is the reverse of all that it then was. The Church may be hated by many, but at least it is not despised. Led by a Manning, a Newman, and a Vaughan, drawing to its ranks every day crowds of converts from all ranks, but particularly from the most intelligent, possessing a large body of devoted and learned clergy, who minister in churches in some degree worthy of religion, rejoicing in a splendid literature, and watched and studied by all classes with the deepest interest, the Church in England has a great future.

To what is the change to be attributed? Under God, to three names and three events. The names are Challoner, Milner, and Wiseman; the events are the French Revolution, the Oxford movement, and the Irish emigration.

We will endeavor to show what share these men and these events have had in the revival of Catholicity in England.

Bishop Challoner was born in 1691, died in 1781. His life of Apostolic virtue covers the darkest period of English Catholicity. His piety was so unaffected and his writings were so simple and plain, that he had a great influence in retaining Catholics in their allegiance to the Church. His "Meditations," his "Lives of the Missionary Priests," his explanations

of Catholic worship and doctrine are even now and always will be esteemed. But he was of a retiring disposition, and he made no impression on the outside world. Yet there is little doubt but that his gentle influence had much to do with that relaxation of the Penal Laws which so enraged the London mob and caused them to burst forth in the Gordon riots.

Bishop Milner, born in 1752, and Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District from 1803 to 1826, was a renowned controversialist. He first obtained the ear of educated Englishmen, and induced them to think that at least something could be said for Catholicity. He was the author of "The End of Controversy," "The Letters to a Prebendary," and "The History of Winchester." He began to interest antiquarians in the numerous Catholic remains scattered through England, the cathedrals, the abbeys, the churches, and the hospitals. Bishop Milner was bold, active, always to the fore. He infused his own spirit into the timid Catholics of the day, and taught them that they would never obtain their rights until they boldly asserted them, and would never be respected until they showed that they were proud of the name of CATHOLIC, and not ashamed of their Faith.

He identified himself with the Irish agitation for Catholic emancipation, and took a leading part in all the political events that led to its final triumph in 1829, though he did not live to rejoice in it.

The French Revolutionary wars advanced Catholicity in England in two ways, first, they broke up the colleges on the continent where the priests for the English Missions had previously been educated, and therefore compelled seminaries to be established in England, and secondly, they caused England to espouse the cause of the Pope and of order in Europe, and therefore to regard her Catholic subjects with more favor. The French *emigres* also were hospitably received, and produced a good impression by their piety and simplicity of manners.

Let us now give a glance at the "Oxford Movement." This extraordinary phenomenon sprung up during the years 1834–44, and in a very short space of time passed through several phases. Parliamentary reform and the outcry against the abuses and scandals that prevailed in the Church of England, alarmed a few of its more zealous members, who saw that its claims for reverence must rest on something more than the mere fact that it was an "Established Church," or that it taught "Bible Truth," which latter was claimed just as loudly by the Baptists or the Methodists. Accordingly Drs. Pusey, Newman, and their colleagues, brought out a theory hitherto unheard of, save by a few book-worms and controversialists, which was that the Church of England was essentially Catholic, that its apparent Protestantism was only the result of certain political quarrels between the Pope and Henry VIII, and that it possessed a priesthood and an altar, rested its claims on the Fathers and the Councils, and was to be adhered to *not* because it was a *Protestant* Church, but because it was a branch of the one Catholic Church, of which the "Roman Obedience" and the Greek Orthodox Church were also portions. Rome was no longer to be regarded as the Great Mother of Harlots (or as the centre of all errors), but as an "erring sister," and the Pope was no usurper but Primate of the West! and to be respected accordingly.

A number of young, earnest clergymen embraced this theory and began to preach it vigorously.

The astounded rustics and bewildered gentry of English country villages were assured that the "parson" was a "priest," that the bishops were the "successors of the apostles," and that the old familiar church with its whitewashed walls, its high pews, its lofty pulpit, its mustiness and dirt, was to be renovated and restored. For, coincident with the revival of "church principles," there was also a revival of Gothic architecture. Nor is this to be wondered at. England is covered with marvels of architecture, the immortal remains of the ages of faith.

Majestic cathedrals, ruined abbeys, and choice parish churches, dot the country everywhere. But for three centuries these gems had been despised and neglected, covered with whitewash, or left to crumble. At last the eyes of the nation were opened to their incomparable beauty. Pugin and Barry worked at the Gothic revival, and every parish soon began to feel an interest in its own mediæval remains. As Gothic architecture breathes the spirit of Catholicity, the High Church or Puseyite clergy took it into especial favor, and indeed have caused the expenditure of millions of pounds in its restoration.

The old pews in the churches were swept away, and benches substituted, the pulpit was overthrown and an altar erected, the windows were filled with stained glass, music was cultivated; the poor, neglected for centuries, were suddenly regarded with tenderness, the "old parson" had to dress himself in a surplice, preach about "the Church's authority in matters of faith," and perform divers extraordinary ceremonies.

These changes, of course, met with little favor from the more ultra-Protestants, and as might be expected, every parish was soon in an uproar. The Dissenters were delighted at this confusion in the camp of their old foes, and prosecutions and turmoil was the order of the day. At last, urged on by popular clamor, the Anglican Bishops denounced the "Oxford Tracts," in which High Churchism was laid down, and appeasing the mob, lost a Newman. Not only Newman, but Manning, and Faber, and Wilberforce, and Caswell, and some one hundred and twenty clergy, with a whole troop of country gentry, were driven out of the Church of England, and found that their theories were false, and that the Catholic Church was the only true one.

These converts carried over with them wealth and influence, and the great Irish emigration occurring at the same time, soon churches were everywhere built, and monasteries founded. The Holy See, in 1851, re-established the Hierarchy. Cardinal Wiseman was appointed its head; a great popular commotion ensued, but ended without any result, save a ridiculous act forbidding Bishops to use their rightful titles, an absurd piece of legislation which was never enforced.

The new converts brought also intellect with them. An English Catholic literature sprung up. Lingard had already done much to place English History in its true light; Caswell translated the Latin Hymns, and made them popular; Faber wrote spiritual works, and nearly all composed controversial ones.

Through the columns of the *Tablet*, the *Register*, the *Universe*, and other journals that sprung up and had new life infused into them during this exciting period, the recent converts reached the public ear, and induced thousands to join their ranks.

And thus was commenced that revolution of thought in England that ultimately opened the eyes of the honest Englishman to the

beauty, the wisdom, and the truth of the Catholic doctrine, and under the blessing of God gave renewed youth and vigor to our holy mother, the Church, in the very land of her bitterest foe.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, The Liberator, his Times, Political, Social, and Religious. By Sister M. F. Cusack. 1873. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

This much talked-of and long expected biography of the great Irish liberator, which has been issuing in serial form from the press of the Messrs. Sadlier, has just made its appearance in one quarto volume of 803 pages.

Among the host of celebrated men produced by Ireland, in many respects Daniel O'Connell was the greatest of them all. If men are to be judged by purity of motive, faithfulness, and energy of action and attainment of purpose, we know of no Irish statesman whose claims to the esteem and gratitude of the Irish people are stronger than those of him whose whole life, almost from the cradle to the grave, was devoted to the interest of his countrymen.

Born at a time when the first notes of discontent from the young American Colonies, borne across the Atlantic, were re-echoing among the hills of his native country, he early imbibed that love of liberty and justice which afterwards was the inspiration of all his actions. Brought up amidst influences that instilled into his youthful mind principles of virtue, piety, and reverence for that Faith which one of his biographers sneeringly says "was the only inheritance of his family," and an indignant witness of many of the bloody atrocities that characterized the French Revolution, it is no wonder that thus early in life, swayed by the gentle teachings of the Church and disgusted with the infamous crimes that were being perpetrated in the name of liberty, he announced his determination, as though anticipating the prominent *rôle* he was to play in the history of his country, "to accept no social amelioration at the cost of a single drop of blood," a "peace policy," his steadfast adherence to which, enabled him to accomplish those great reforms for which he afterwards fought. The wrongs and persecutions heaped upon Ireland for centuries by her merciless oppressor are too well known to need recital here. O'Connell entered on the scene of public life at a time when the tyrannical legislation of England had so far stripped Irishmen and Catholics of their independence and manhood that not only were they debarred from any participation in the legislation framed for their own government, and were compelled to yield to the most humiliating exactions, but the very names "Irish" and "Catholic" had become synonyms of reproach and disgrace in the English vocabulary.

The eloquent speech of O'Connell, when he first appeared before the public, at the great indignation meeting held in Dublin in 1800 to protest against the union of the two legislatures, called forth such patriotic indignation from the people, so effectually commanded the attention and respect of all parties, and made such a profound impression on the public mind, that he at once won the confidence of his countrymen, and from that time forward gained in prominence as an Irish Catholic leader.

The originator of most, and actively identified with all, the reform movements of that day in Ireland, he gave spirit and direction to that masterly agitation which at length, after a tedious, unceasing, and at times discouraging, battle, threw open to him and to his Catholic countrymen the doors of the English Parliament, and culminated in the success of those measures of emancipation for which he had been fighting, and with which his name will ever be associated. The part that O'Connell played in keeping alive the popular agitation that brought about these results, and the unselfish and patriotic devotion by which he was actuated, are perhaps best described by himself.

In his pamphlet, written in reply to Lord Shrewsbury, who had taunted him for having received the "rents," as they were called, he says:

"For more than twenty years before emancipation the burden of the cause was thrown on me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence,

to examine the case of each person complaining of particular grievance, to arouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause. At that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause, and that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration even for the personal expenditures incurred in the agitation of the cause itself."

In preparing her biography of O'Connell, Sister Mary Cusack seems to have abundantly availed herself of the material afforded by the events of that exciting period of Irish history. Many new facts are brought forward, and much additional light is thrown on events of which we had but a partial knowledge. Coming from an Irish Catholic and a religieuse we were led to expect, in the present biography, a certain amount of bias in favor of the hero who had labored so effectually for Ireland and the Catholic cause, but we were disappointed. While it is true that we find no colors wanting to correctly portray the virtues and merits of the subject, neither do we discover any false shades thrown to conceal his defects. The Life of Daniel O'Connell as presented to the public by the "Nun of Kenmare," is a complete and impartial history of the public and private life of a great political reformer, who was gifted with rare talents, was animated by the generous, religious, and patriotic impulses of his Irish nature, was active, energetic, self-willed, at times overzealous, and while possessing more than the average amount of good qualities as a man, was not altogether without faults. The work is written in a learned, graceful style, and is exceedingly interesting both as a biography of O'Connell and as a history of the times in which he lived.

"The History of Ireland," "Life of St. Patrick," "Hornehurst Rectory," "Daily Steps to Heaven," in fact everything that has so far emanated from the gifted pen of the celebrated "Nun of Kenmare," whether it be in the line of history, fiction, biography, or devotion, has been so carefully, so ably, and so satisfactorily written, that in glancing over the pages of her "Daniel O'Connell," we are constrained to consider the work no less a monument to the persevering industry and patient research of Sister Mary Cusack, than a tribute to the memory of the great man of whom it is a biography.

Surely the industry with which this accomplished lady continues in her self-imposed labor is worthy of and commands our highest admiration, and glad would we be if the success that has attended her efforts, would enkindle in the minds of our Catholic women of America an ambition to follow in her footsteps.

The elegant style in which the book is presented to the public reflects much credit on the publishers, and we hope their enterprise will be rewarded by a generous patronage.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. Eighth series. Six volumes. Containing The Apprentice, and other sketches; Mary Benedicta, and other stories; Faith and Loyalty, and the Chip Gatherers; Agnes, and other sketches; Lame Millie; The Chapel of the Angels. The Catholic Publication Society. 1873. New York: Received from Cunningham.

Some time ago we took occasion to refer at length to the necessity of establishing a first-class literature for our Catholic young. All that we said at that time we can repeat now with double force, for every day that passes by only reveals more clearly the wants of our youth in this direction. Indeed we know of no more powerful agency that can be employed to counteract the evil tendencies of the times, than the generous diffusion of healthful reading matter among those whose youthful minds are as yet susceptible of good impressions. What our children need is books—books that will *interest* and *entertain* as well as instruct them.

It is a great mistake to suppose that children can understand or appreciate works whose subject and treatment are suited only to maturer minds. Place in their hands little story books, such as compose this excellent "Sunday-School Library," and our word for it more real good will be done in giving tone and direction to their thoughts and aspirations, than by dozens of such books as are often selected by parents for their children. The six volumes comprised in the eighth series of this little library are all very interesting, and in every way up to the standard of their predecessors. We strongly recommend them to our readers.

LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS. By D. P. Conyngham. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1873.

If an evidence of the truth of the saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," were required, we know of no country whose history could so amply afford it as Ireland. No people perhaps have ever been so unremittingly and mercilessly persecuted, in one way and another, for their Faith than the children of the "Isle of Saints;" and surely there is no country on the face of the earth to-day, where the Church is so deeply rooted, and numbers among her children so many devoted, sincere, and practical members.

The history of the Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of Henry the Eighth down almost to the present day, is but the record of a series of bloody and cruel persecutions, which while they had quenched many a bright light and sent many a brave soul to its eternal reward, has only strengthened the faith and increased the devotion of those that were left behind.

In the volume before us, prepared by the author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints," is given a faithful account of the condition of society in Ireland, from the time of the so-called "Reformation" down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, together with a painful narrative of the sufferings and martyrdom of the more conspicuous of those brave souls, among the clergy and laity, whose piety and fidelity to their Faith singled them out as the victims of the "Reformers," during this bloody and eventful period.

The Messrs. Sadlier have issued the book in attractive style, and we have no doubt but what it will meet the same success that attended the other works of the author.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

A spicy controversy on the doctrine of hell, from the Catholic standpoint, as opposed to the infidel objections between Rev. C. A. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y., and William Henry Burr, Esq., of Boston, in which the argument seems to be all on one side.

The volume is very interesting, however, and only serves to show how little can be said against this "obnoxious" doctrine of the Church by those who find it convenient to disbelieve it, and how easily that little can be controverted when an intelligent man undertakes the task.

A WINGED WORD, and other stories. 1873. The Catholic Publication Society, New York. Received from P. F. Cunningham.

This is a collection of stories by the gifted author of "The House of Yorke," reprinted from *The Catholic World*, where they from time to time originally appeared.

They are all short, well told, and while equal in interest to any of the "sensational stories" of the non-catholic press, are pervaded by a genuine Catholic spirit. Indeed we hazard nothing, we think, in saying that for grace of style, interest of plot, and purity of moral, the author of these stories is not surpassed by any American Catholic writer of fiction.

We hail the appearance of this volume, therefore, with sincere pleasure, and hope that the Catholics of the country will encourage the Publication Society in their efforts to build up a literature of this class.

PETER'S JOURNEY, and other Tales. By Lady Herbert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham.

This is a volume of some very readable short stories and sketches, by Lady Herbert, which she acknowledges in the preface is the result of the favorable reception of her "Marion Howard," which was published in this country last year, and we believe met with quite a good sale, although not so large as that of the English editions.

There are five stories in the present volume, viz.: Temptation, or the Merchant's Ship; The Carpenter's Holiday; Lost and Found, or Jeremy's Blessing; Peter's Journey, what came of it; and Wilfulness and its Consequences.

The one from which the volume takes its name is a very touching tale of a drunkard, who by the prayers of his wife and the effect produced on his mind by a visit that he made through dreamland to the other world, was finally reformed. The rest of the stories are equally interesting, and all serve to point a good moral.

IN our review of the "Amulet" and "The Fisherman's Daughter," by Hendrik Conscience, in our last issue, we erroneously credited their publication to Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co. The publishers are Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.